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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPEAN FINANCES

By the end of January the German Reichsbank had raised its rate of discount to twelve per cent. Until July of last year the rate had remained at five per cent for seven and a half years, or nearly the duration of the war. The gravity of Germany's situation may be gathered from a comparison of her bank rate with that of her neighbors. At present, for example, the rate in England is three and a half per cent, in the United States four per cent, and in France five per cent. Even Czechoslovakia has recently reduced her rate to five per cent.

However, the condition of the public finances in France is so precarious that were it not for the even worse situation across the Rhine she would be thought as on the brink of ruin. Her budget for 1923, after repeated alterations to reduce the deficit, still refuses to balance by approximately three and a half billion francs. A sensible proposal to cover this by a flat increase of twenty per cent on present taxes was received with such a storm of protest that it was speedily dropped. Last year the treasury lacked funds to meet in full its agreed obligations to the Bank of France.

Speaking approximately, for precise figures are out of date before they can be published, the German mark is now worth about one fifth of what it was worth last New Year's. The French franc has declined nearly one fourth in value. Belgian and Italian currency has depreciated in the foreign money-market, and the Polish mark is worth but one half what it was worth early in January. Even the Czechoslovak crown, one of the most stable currencies of Central Europe, has depreciated. Rumanian exchange has fluctuated violently, and is now more by almost one fourth than it was in January. The same is true of Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria.

Frankfurter Zeitung tells the following tragic story of the mark from July, 1919, the figures representing the necessary number of marks to the dollar in exchange: —

July 15, 1919	15.23
July 15, 1920	38.70
July 15, 1921	74.62
January 2, 1922	185.80
June 1, 1922	272.00
July 15, 1922	441.00
August 15, 1922	1,021.00
November 1, 1922	4,551.10
November 8, 1922	9,226.85
December 20, 1922	6,670.80
January 2, 1923	7,244.35
January 6, 1923	8,553.55
January 10, 1923	10,336.60
January 16, 1923	16,309.10

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January 18, 1923	23,191.90
January 29, 1923	33,117.00
January 31, 1923	47,880.00
February 1, 1923	41,994.75
February 6, 1923	37,755.35
February 8, 1923	33,815.25
February 12, 1923	28,428.75

The fact that the German Republican régime did not make a clean sweep of its inheritance from the monarchy is driven home by a list of retired officers recently published by *Vorwärts*, according to which the Empire, at the end of last November, had under pay: —

First and Second Lieutenants and Surgeons	8,100
Captains, Staff-Surgeons, etc.	18,000
Majors, Chief-Surgeons, etc.	8,600
Lieutenant-Colonels, etc.	6,200
Colonels, etc.	3,000
Generals (below Lieut.-Gen.), etc.	1,700
Generals and Lieutenant-Generals, etc.	1,030

or in all, 46,630 officers, in which number naval officers of the corresponding ranks are included.

'Unfortunately,' says *Vorwärts*, 'we are not told how much money has been raised for the pensions of these officers. Would it not be in order, considering the critical economic situation of the Empire, to demand a reconsideration of the Pension Reduction measure thrown out some time ago by the Reichstag, especially in view of the enormous pensions still drawn by the higher officers? The law, of course, should apply as well to all categories of officials.'

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RUSSIA AND CHINA

Mr. Joffe, the Soviet Envoy to the Far East, has been the most discussed personage in the Orient since his arrival in Peking last August. Recently he has been seriously ill and was invited by the mayor of Tokyo to visit Japan as a personal guest during his convalescence. According to some observers in China, he is a man peculiarly unfitted for the task assigned him by Moscow. His success with Western diplomats and his profound knowledge and belief in Communism misled the Soviet Government in selecting him for a mission requiring qualities of a very different kind. At the Chang-Chung Conference he adopted a superior and somewhat dictatorial attitude toward the Japanese that was in large part responsible for the failure of that meeting.

In China Mr. Joffe has tried to attain three things: the return of the Chinese-Eastern Railway to the present Russian Government, the independence or autonomy of Mongolia, and the resumption of regular diplomatic relations with Peking. The suspicion that he also wants to Bolshevize China is probably ungrounded, because he personally considers such an undertaking impossible.

Of the three objects in view the first in importance is to regain control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and there are many in the Far East who predict that Russia will seize the line by force if she cannot obtain it by negotiations. In Mongolia Russia's present policy is frankly imperialistic. She has a very real fear of Japanese influence in that province and in Manchuria and maintains troops in Mongolia on the theory that if they are withdrawn Japanese troops will take their place.

Naturally the disclosing of this policy has disillusioned the Chinese intellectuals who so enthusiastically welcomed Mr. Joffe when he first arrived at Peking.

An often overlooked factor in the extension of Russian influence in the Orient is the millions of Russians whom the Revolution and Allied Intervention caused to migrate to Eastern Siberia and the neighboring Asiatic countries.

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Great numbers of these Russians, mostly representing the educated class, are now living abroad, where they have acquired several years' experience in the service of foreign commercial and manufacturing houses. Since the New Economic Policy was adopted by the Soviet Government, these men, often with some accumulations of capital, are commencing to return to their own country, where they are likely to take a leading part in promoting Russian trade and Russian commercial influence in the Far East.

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TURKESTAN

ACCORDING to Colin Ross, who is not a pro-Bolshevik and has recently been in Turkestan, the decline of cotton cultivation in that region is accounted for largely by the fact that the province was cut off from Russia during the Kolchak era and the local civil wars that followed. This forced the natives to turn to raising grain for their own support. It is likely that cotton cultivation will be resumed as soon as law and order are reëstablished.

When that can be accomplished is as yet uncertain.

Only the railways and the towns are in the possession of the Russians, and their hold upon these is precarious. More than once the Basmachi, or revolting natives, have made forays into Samarkand itself and plundered the bazaar. Recently, however, the Soviet Government has dispatched heavy military forces to Southeastern Turkestan to crush the insurgents.

As soon as political conditions and public security make Turkestan an attractive field for investment, it is likely to be developed rapidly. Large areas of remarkably fertile and productive soil, adapted to cotton and other staple crops, now lie untilled, and never have been systematically cultivated for lack of irrigation, although they might be brought under water at comparatively slight expense.

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SPANISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE

THE decision of our Government to make English the official language in the Philippines from the beginning of the current year

has produced in Spain — or, better said, among Spanish writers — an unpleasant impression, though not a very pronounced one. The people at large have given the matter hardly any attention.

None the less, our action has received its due meed of comment in the newspapers of both Spain and South America. Francisco Grandmontagne, a Spanish contributor to *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, from whom we quote the opinion just cited, observes that the Spanish tongue was never current in the Archipelago outside of the principal towns, and that the English tongue does not promise to displace the native dialects. More Filipino newspapers are printed in Spanish than in English.

Meanwhile the number of people outside of Spain itself who speak Spanish is growing rapidly, and Spanish thought and literature are studied with more interest to-day abroad than ever before. 'In the United States, the students of our history and literature are already legion.'

This question of language, and especially of a possible South American variant of the Castilian of the Peninsula, is an attractive theme for speculation among our South American neighbors. An octavo volume of 350 pages, dealing with the Spanish tongue in general and its development in the New World in particular, has recently been published in Buenos Aires.

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RELEASED BY THE MOORS

THE Spanish war prisoners captured by the Moors in 1921 have been released. Many relate experiences which decidedly discredit the reports of their good treatment brought back by certain French and Spanish journalists who were permitted to enter the Moorish lines last year. General Navarro, Commander of the defeated Spanish army, was kept in heavy chains that prevented all freedom of movement. Prisoners were often flogged severely for minor offenses; they were employed at forced labor, and were reduced to eating rats, dogs, and weeds. A small ration of beans made a feast day. For one period of forty-five days their daily ration was limited to one small barley cake per man.

The officers seem to have suffered worse than the common soldiers, partly because they were more strictly guarded. One group of eighteen officers was confined in a cell nine feet square and four and one half feet high, without any means of ventilation. Three of this group died of typhoid in the cell with the other prisoners.

On the other hand, a Spanish private soldier preferred to remain with his captors instead of returning to his own country, having formed an attachment for a Moorish girl in the Rif.

A captured aviator brings back a strange tale of a plot formed in Spain to hire Moors to assassinate General Navarro and certain other officers, in order to suppress facts regarding the Spanish disaster of July 1921 which influential men do not desire to have revealed.

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GLASGOW'S SLUMS

A NUMBER of university women in Glasgow have recently made a survey of slum conditions in that city, the results of which are published in the *Glasgow Medical Journal* for December. Their report points to the startling and disquieting fact that post-war distress is working almost as cruel ravages in the most prosperous, perhaps, of the victorious countries, as in those that were defeated. These investigators say that the poorer sections of Glasgow present 'a distressing picture of underfeeding and undernutrition approaching that existing in Vienna in 1921.' Among children between one and five years old, the boys are 7.5 per cent and the girls 7 per cent under the average weight of Glasgow slum children four years ago. So great is the overcrowding that twenty thousand families are registered as desiring houses, and more than fifty thousand people are living in habitations reported by the City Health Department as 'not reasonably fit for human occupation.'

Though there is no direct connection between these inquiries and the campaign to make Scotland dry, these facts are naturally being used by the temperance reformers, whose principal organizer recently asserted: 'It is the economic aspect more than the moral aspect that will decide the issue and ultimately kill the liquor trade.' That the outlook for liquor dealers is rather gloomy, is indicated by the rise in insurance rates against local prohibition. At the present time the minimum premiums charged publicans for insurance against defeat at the coming election are ten per cent.

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A KAISER-BISMARCK ANECDOTE

THE following account of a visit of reconciliation that William II made to Bismarck at Friedrichsruh on December 16, 1895, is contained in General von Moltke's *Memories, Letters, and Documents* recently published by his widow: —

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In the course of the conversation, Prince Bismarck chanced to mention Emperor Napoleon III. He puffed his sentences out like the exhaust of a steam engine, in the intervals between pulling vigorously at his pipe, which continued to go out. His mighty head was in the full illumination of the lamp, and he stared directly ahead of him with a firm, powerful gaze. He did not turn to address anyone present, but shot his words out straight in front of him. The entire company stood close together, their eyes riveted on his countenance, wholly under the impression of his imposing personality.

'I remember when I was in Paris in 1856, the Emperor Napoleon summoned me and asked me whether he should rule as an absolute or a constitutional monarch. I said to him: "So long as the Guards are loyal to your Majesty, you can indulge in this luxury; but when the flood comes it is a good thing to have a dam between yourself and the people. However, so long as the Guards are there, you can try the experiment." With fifty thousand Guards, he was master of Paris, and therefore of France. They were all picked troops, big, fine fellows, who wore their hats on one side, and knew they were masters of the city. They were well off; they knew that they had everything to lose by a change, that they could not better themselves. When they walked up and down the streets people made way for them. They always walked in pairs, and did not step aside even for a loaded truck.'

The Kaiser asked: 'Who commanded the Guards at that time?'

The Prince replied: 'That was not important. The Emperor could depend on them under all conditions. Their commander did not matter. I recall that when I was going to a lecture I sometimes used a forbidden path. If one of those little South Frenchmen was on sentry duty, I merely said: "The Prussian Minister," but if one of Napoleon's Guards was there, he would reply: "That makes no difference to me."'

Everybody laughed. The Prince himself laughed heartily, but with a slight grimace, as if he were surprised at having said anything funny. He then continued: 'Yes — just so. As long as he had his fifty thousand Guards, as I told Napoleon, he could make the experiment. But it would have been a good thing, nevertheless, if he had had a dyke of cabinet officers around him to receive the first shock. Otherwise, the people would hold him personally responsible for any disaster. *C'est l'art de régner.*'

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MINOR NOTES

So far as productive capacity is concerned, German shipyards have more than returned to their pre-war position. The largest vessel launched in the world last year took the water at Danzig. Hamburg built a steamer of 20,000 tons. Of the 852 vessels and 2,467,000 gross tons launched in 1922, Great Britain and Ireland built forty-two per cent, or over a million tons. Germany was an easy second with 187 vessels and 526,000 tons. France ranked third both in number of vessels and in tonnage, Holland fourth, and the United States fifth, with 59 vessels and 119,000 tons. Every country except Germany turned out a smaller tonnage in 1922 than in 1921.

RECENT explorations in the very centre of Australia have resulted in the discovery of a hitherto unknown fresh-water lake. During the rainy season, it has a circumference of twenty miles. The surface was described as 'a moving mass of ducks.' At Alice Springs, in the MacDonnell range, where settlements have already been made many miles beyond the terminus of the railway, the climate in July and early August is described as ideal. There are frosts at night, and sometimes ice in the morning. Fruits and vegetables are excellent and surprisingly prolific. 'The white children of the pioneers in this remote district look like English children, and the adults are pictures of health' — at least in the eyes of Australia's enthusiastic explorers.

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THE resignation of Governor-General Lippens of the Belgian Congo has centred attention in Belgium on the long disagreement between that official and the Colonial Minister, M. Franck. The Minister is 'a typical bureaucrat,' while the Governor-General was a man 'of modern business ideas.' The resignation is a result of a conflict between the party working for the development of the Congo, with its enormous natural wealth, along modern industrial lines, and the Colonial bureaucracy, which has the ear of the Colonial Minister, and is opposed to the methods of development advocated by the late Governor-General. Just where the welfare of the natives comes in is not yet clearly shown.

THE Independent Labor Party of Great Britain has issued a manifesto outlining its programme for solving the immediate problem of the Ruhr invasion. Briefly, the proposals are: first, Great Britain shall give up Reparations, and under certain conditions her claims to debts owed her by her former Allies; second, France in return shall withdraw her troops from all the Rhine countries and a definite sum shall be fixed to repair the actual devastations caused by the war in France, which sum shall be raised by an international loan; third, a new World Conference shall be called to revise the Versailles Treaty and reconstruct the League of Nations.

In addition the Labor Party would have Great Britain recognize the Russian Republic and call a new conference to adjust her controversies with Turkey.

UNDER the title, 'The Tragic Destiny of Poets,' *Figaro* of February 21 printed the following news item which will not be without interest to Americans:—

Last week cyclist policemen of the Concorde quarter on their nocturnal rounds discovered, lying in a gutter of the rue Godot-de-Mauroy, a gentleman singing at the top of his lungs. His attitude and confused discourse presented no difficulties of diagnosis to the representatives of our public authority, accustomed to everything of this sort in their peregrinations through Paris. They established the fact that the individual was 'very far from home.' . . . At the station the convivial gentleman, still in an extremely exhilarated mood, announced in a raucous voice that his name was Serge Essenine — in fact, no less a person than the Russian husband of Madame Isadora Duncan, whose plastic art and school of dance the capitals of the world have all admired. Madame Duncan, after her recent visit to Moscow, brought with her thence M. Serge Essenine, a young Bolshevist poet, to become the companion of her days and her wanderings. The honeymoon voyage extended to America, and the young couple arrived in Paris not long ago.

M. Essenine, to judge from his latest escapade, has not been able to resist the blandishments of our capital. The episode would probably have passed without notice had not the impetuous dancer sprung to the defense of her young mate in most energetic terms, ending with the declaration: 'The fate of poets is marked with tragedy. . . . The weakness of Serge does not come, as one might think, from indulgence in alcohol. It is the result of the great shock of the war and privations suffered during the Russian Revolution. Serge is also one of the many victims of dry America and of the adulterated drinks prevalent there, which poisoned him. My husband in normal condition is a lofty soul. Gor'kii declared that, after Gogol and Pushkin, he was the greatest poet of his time. Alas, Gogol is dead and Pushkin was killed. It is the destiny of poets, marked with tragedy.'

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'SAFETY FIRST' FOR FRANCE

BY J. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE, C.B.E.

[*M. Coudurier de Chassaigne is one of the most widely known of French journalists. He was London correspondent of the Paris* Figaro *from* 1903 *to* 1919, *and President of the Foreign Press Association in London from* 1911 *to* 1920.]

From the *Sunday Times, February* 11
(London Pro-French Sunday Paper)

I have now lived in Paris continuously for four years, so I am pretty well acquainted with the real sentiments of my compatriots on this burning question. But public opinion in Paris is rather more difficult to gauge than in London, for the ordinary citizen in France takes but little interest in politics, and has little or no sympathy with the politicians.

Since the war, however, everybody is obliged to devote his attention to what the politicians are doing, because the nation as a whole has to pay for their mistakes. For, in spite of what our English friends think, the French *do* pay heavy taxation. We pay, in fact, all day long on food, clothing, tobacco, and all the necessities of life. But of course the cleverness of the politicians consists in making their electors believe that they do not pay as much as they think. And that explains why such hot discussions are going on in the French Parliament now, when contradictory votes follow each other in a manner which is puzzling to the mere voter or to strangers. As a matter of fact, all the wire-pulling which goes on in the Chamber of Deputies is simply an attempt to make the French pay what the State needs without realizing it.

All the same, the man-in-the-street does understand that whatever happens he, not the German, will be the unfortunate being who will have to find the money, and that is the very reason why he wants above all peace, complete peace, in order to get to work and face the consequences of the war, and especially of the Treaty of Versailles.

So, when the Frenchman hears some of our friends and Allies reproach us for our Imperialism, for our desire of conquest, he simply shrugs his shoulders and laughs. No nation is more indifferent to such dreams of world-power, or aspires less to dominate the rest of humanity.

Happy as we were to see our brothers of Alsace-Lorraine come back to us after the war, we must acknowledge that the desire to join France was keener on the Alsace-Lorraine side than any desire for revenge on our side. I never heard any man of my generation express the longing to fight the Germans in order to recover the lost Provinces. We who were born after the defeat of 1870 wanted, of course, an equitable settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question. If Germany had honestly proposed or accepted the creation of a neutral State of Alsace-Lorraine, and if the population had agreed to become free subjects of a sort of Switzerland, everybody in France would have been delighted. We would have accepted as an omen of perpetual peace that wise move on the political chessboard of Europe.

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That, however, was not to be. The Germans, not content with Alsace-Lorraine and their victories of 1870, coveted more towns and lands from France, more victories and more bloodshed. At the present time no one in France desires that we should either occupy forever or annex German territories. We have already as much as we can do to absorb all the German elements implanted in Alsace-Lorraine during the forty-seven years when the Kaiser was supreme master in those Provinces. It would be a real disaster for our country if large territories inhabited by the German races were to be forced into the French family.

Nor has the French man-in-the-street any illusions about the money to be extracted from the Germans. Our statesmen may still think they will get something out of the Reich. But the average citizen has become skeptical. We have heard so much about the golden egg of the Versailles Treaty, and have seen so little of the promised marvels, that now we have ceased to believe in them.

The remote possibility of German billions falling into the coffers of the French Government therefore leaves the Frenchman almost indifferent, for he is convinced that even if such a miracle happened he personally would not benefit much. All the European States seem to have such monstrous debts that no one in the world can ever repay them. Moreover, our Frenchman is not quite a fool, and he has a notion that in the end it will be he who will be called upon to bear the burden of the dreadful war, which has cost him already so much blood and so much money. He knows that peace has been as cruel as war, and that it is now too late to get out of Germany what ought to have been taken on the very morrow of victory. The Germans have been cunning and clever, and whatever money was available four years ago has now been safely stored away in far-off lands.

Of course, we are too humane to adopt the barbaric methods of our enemies which were used in the invaded territories of France against our people. If to-morrow we applied them to the Germans — who had no pity on us when they were conquerors — in order to obtain some sort of Reparations, of course the world would be against us, including, I am afraid, our loyal English Allies.

Thus we are left with no illusions as far as the economic part of the Ruhr scheme is concerned. But if we cannot get Reparations there is one thing we must and will have — that is 'Safety.' This is what rallied the French nation behind M. Poincaré when he acted at last.

For some time past we have known in France that Germany was preparing her revenge. In England you will, perhaps, say: 'What can Germany do without money?'

The lack of money has never prevented any man or any nation from committing a folly. We were told before the war by business men of importance that there could be no war on account of the opposition of international finance. Then, when the war started, we were warned that for lack of money in Europe the war could not last more than a few months. Now we are told by the same financiers and economists that the condition of Germany is such that that poor unfortunate country is down in the dust for years and years.

Again I beg leave to point out — money is not the determining factor in such crises.

Already it has been discovered by eminent representatives of the English press that the cadres of a powerful German army are still in existence.

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The only things missing are machine-guns, ammunition, and weapons, though factories are actually working in Russia and in neutral countries to supply them, but not quickly enough to meet the present situation.

In consequence the Germans are submitting with ill grace to the occupation of the Ruhr. If the shells had been there the fighting would have started at once. This is what a penniless Germany, a starving Germany, a dying Germany has been plotting for the last four years. May I ask my English friends what a prosperous Germany would do if, as it was proposed, a further respite of four years had been granted her to recuperate her strength, re-arm her ever-ready troops, and intensify her industrial production? I can picture the reception that would have been extended to polite French and English delegates arriving in Berlin five years hence to ask for a little advance on the money collected by the German banks through the forbearance of the Allies during these years of material prosperity!

The truth is that my English friends make a grave mistake in applying to Germany their own standard of conduct.

England, without being defeated, pays what she is supposed to owe to America; but Germany, because she is defeated, will pay no one.

Is it not enough that we should lose our money and repair at our own expense the lands the barbarians have devastated? Are we to be expected to endanger the very life of France also?

M. Poincaré planned with his experts the occupation of the Ruhr. Everything was arranged in order that our presence there should be felt as little as possible, provided that the Germans were willing to comply with their signed promises. Once more we have been far too polite. We have put on gloves of thick velvet, and, as we are dealing with a race which only understands strength and brutality, the Germans have thought us weak. Our leniency has, however, had at least one good result. The world at large has been obliged to admit that we have done our utmost to avoid any *casus belli*. But, when a criminal, on being seized by the police, shoots at them, it would be folly to smile and try to shake hands with him. One thing therefore is certain: France will now go to the end of the task she has undertaken, whatever that end may be. And, as I said before, M. Poincaré has behind him the hearty and enthusiastic support of the whole nation.

One cannot repeat it too often — the real reason why the French entirely approve of the occupation of the Ruhr, though they hate war and want peace, is that they begin to feel that the Reparations question is much less important than the vital problem of security for France and for the rest of Europe.

Will the occupation of the Ruhr last long? This entirely depends upon the Germans. But, in any event, those German provinces will certainly never be annexed to France. To do so would weaken our national life and be a permanent danger to our own internal unity.

But the French man-in-the-street agrees that the Ruhr will have to be occupied as long as need be.

The result of Germany's recalcitrant attitude may be the destruction of her industrial strength. Would this really be such a calamity? The French cannot believe that the prosperity of the German industries is such an advantage to England as so many seem to think here. Germany, prosperous, would only try to conquer all the markets of the world in keen competition with the English. She would

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surround herself by a tariff wall which would not leave much chance to the English exporter. Ruined through her own fault, Germany will cease to be a perpetual menace to Europe, and to the world. We French may not get any Reparations, but we will then secure the possibility of working in peace to mend the evil done by others.

I shall be very surprised if the man-in-the-street in England does not feel as we do in France, and fails to understand these simple direct truths which, like heavenly ones, are sometimes hidden from the wise and the powerful of this world. And, after all, only one thing is of import between France and England. It is that all those in our two countries who have lost their dearest in the Great War, who have given the best of their blood for the common defense of the same ideal of liberty, should remain united through all the passing storms of politics. What counts are the sentiments of friendship, of sympathy, of mutual admiration and respect which exist forever between those who have fought side by side on the now deserted plains of Northern France.

SHAKING THE GERMAN ANT-HEAP

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

From the *Outlook, January* 27, *February* 3, 10
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

I. BATTLE-JOINED

Here in the wings, the play is distorted. The actors have lost their majesty, and the tragedy its proportion. The stage is set for bigger things. But they are being played invisibly, off in Hamburg where Herr Stinnes is gone in a hurry, and in Paris, where the Cavalier Foch and the Comité des Forges hold the strings. Here in the gloom the puppets strut their hour of make-believe at free will, while the French Horizontal Trust and the German Vertical Trust work out their mysterious aims.

This is a Titanic ant-heap where mankind comes near the insect in his monstrous factories, his geometrical temples, his subterranean runs and aerial railways, his inhuman cubist banks and cellular tenements, and in the bitter mathematics which reduce these surly millions in their monotonous tasks and lives to unhuman animaculæ. It is a strange, brooding region, wrapped in evil-smelling smoke by day, and lit up by a glare at night — even in peace time more terrifying to the unaccustomed foreigner than any remote city of Arabia or Tibet. Now, when the ant-heap is being shaken when soldiery is marching through the streets, and when tanks park their shapes under the shadows of gasometers, when panic is abroad through the smoke, it is the most unpleasant place in the world for the imaginative man.

On this terrible stage a queer puppet-farce is being played by manikins who

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mistake their rôles, miss their cues, squabble and tumble together at the solemn moments in the most ludicrous way. General Degoutte and Herr Fritz Thyssen, M. Coste and his amazing group of bedraggled 'engineers' are puppets to delight Cervantes.

General Degoutte, the soldier, is a long and dreary fellow, intoxicated by the penny-dreadful newspapers of Paris Royalism. He lives in a dream, walking with the fancies of Maurice Barrès and Maurras. He sees himself hourly spurred and glorious, though insufferably melancholy in the midst of high conspiracies for Rhineland Republics which are to bring back the Golden Days when the lost tribes of Celtdom shall be strangely awaked from wicked Prussian enchantment by the sword of Charlemagne and the prayer of Joan of Arc — where musty Herr Smeets, stuffed pockets and all, is a living Arthur, and muddled Herr Dorten, Percival.

His Sancho Panza, M. Coste, trots uneasily beside him through this infernal land with a long unused T-square under his arm; his is a less pleasant dream. One morning he was snatched away from the dusty file-room of the Board of Works, where thirty slumberous years entitled him to a pension, and ordered to exploit the working Ruhr. To help him they found fifty out-of-work draughtsmen. His chief comforted him no doubt: 'If the magnates resist, turn them out. Send the profits monthly. Danger, yes: but the General will avenge you. And take no notice of his mad ideas.'

To meet this ballad couple, so launched into this prodigious adventure, the invisible masters sent one Fritz Thyssen to head the resistance. 'Poor Fritz' they called him. Until ten days ago, he lived in easy mediocrity, employed as his father's son to sign small checks and attend directors' meetings when told. He was a good fellow, and had certainly never done any harm. While he was rubbing his eyes, behold him a national hero, bulwark of invaded Germany, certain of his statue in the town which ignored him. He reached this without a word or an act. The lean Knight-errant peered through the haze, perceived him, heard his name, and charged. In vain did portly M. Coste snatch his sleeve. General Degoutte knew that Herr Fritz was the mysterious chief of whom Daudet had prophesied, Pan-Prussian, the secret and almost all-powerful head of the Inner Gang which was sending down the franc, paying Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and M. Millerand, keeping the United States dry to the detriment of the wine-growers, and solidifying the Rhinelanders in the error that they were German.

The amiable heir of the Thyssens did not try to protest or even to understand; he dutifully attended the meetings to which the General summoned him with solemnity; he opened not his mouth, did not lift his finger, and finally went, together with five dour clerks, to jail in Mainz in a closed car. He was enviously watched out of sight by M. Coste, whose way out is not so easy. The malicious say that by this time M. Coste had discovered that half his band of experts by some mistake turned out to be motor-car engineers, and were forced to admit it when ordered instantly to administer the affairs of twenty coal mines.

Such knowledge can only make him more miserable. Caught in the wake of the furious Knight, he is dragged up and down the district through lofty workshops so populous with machines that it would be a man's work for a day to count them, down mine shafts, among forests of chimneys and coke ovens seemingly illimitable; he is shown

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all this prodigy of organization and industry and told proudly: 'All this is yours, to work and reap.'

Hardly one of his band can ask for beer in German; whole libraries of ledgers in crabbed writing have been taken away by the too-prudent Trust; yet mountains of them remain, to be controlled, mastered, kept. . . . So M. Coste has plenty to do. The General does his share; arresting, picketing, ordering, proclaiming, threatening, suppressing strikes and making new ones, he passes over the district like a blizzard; he has even been seen to smile; for he is certain things will go well now, now that the resistance is broken and Magnate Thyssen in jail.

Meanwhile, the things that matter are working out to their appointed end behind this fooling. Hugo Stinnes, master of coke so long that he is come to look like a piece of it himself, — black, gritty man, — is in Berlin stirring the weak Government to action, standing behind their desks when they waver, dictating their notes to the workmen of the State mines and railways, pushing them to rebellion against the crazy occupation, sniffing for the *incident*, cursing the workers for their cowardice in not risking their skins in his cause, sharpening the leaders of his newspapers. And all the time keeping the door open in Paris for a last moment's arrangement with the Comité des Forges.

Shall the German coke go to Lorraine or the French ore come to the Ruhr? Shall the iron law of iron, immemorially established, that coke goes to iron and not iron to coal, be broken in spite of him? Who is to lead the European Steel Trust, with its innumerable branches — the conservative, timorous French, with their half-formed one-day organization, trusting to the bayonets of their soldiers and their uncomprehending public opinion; or Stinnes, monster-maker and ruler, who in spite of all and through all, backed by nothing but his brains and his own force, has already created the hydra Vertical Trust, which by law economic and evolutional is rightful heir of the future of Europe?

Behind the tattered red, white, and blue banners of General Degoutte, and thinly covered by the mummery of the Experts Commission of M. Coste, this is the question which is being wrestled out here. The gallant General is only a screen for economic blackmail made by one great company for its own material purposes against another: and the *Wacht am Rhein*, sung by desperate thin-faced boys moved once more by the cries of fatherland and patriotism, is an ingenious blind put up by a determined mighty captain of industry to defend what he has, to insure the illimitable profits of the future. Is it a farce or a tragedy?

II. THE MOB

In Bochum, next the gasometer and beyond it, there is a wall, without any opening. From the street, it has no top; and if you look up, it sags over you — millions of tons of bricks. At night, the curb-lamp glows on this precipice; when the air moves, fingers of gaslight feel up and down for a way out they can never find. The sweet, faded smell of coke-burning holds the street and the fog. The night of the trouble the French set a sentry there, a *petit soldat*, newly drafted from Périgord. In the first hour he stopped to listen under that mighty wall. He told me about it.

The one lamp and the wall set him remembering the ugly German and the trick he played in the café. The Sergeant and the rest were there: how they laughed. Big and dirty he was, with only one eye; that and the marks came from the war. What a queer,

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winking look, instead of answering back like a man! The soldier stood bolt against the wall, two fingers round his rifle; looked at the cinema posters on the hoarding: a strangling hand; thick, crooked writing, hard to see; red fire burning a house; next door, a cave of fog, where waste land began.

In this unpleasant waiting, his ear found two sounds under the silence: not loud, but big — breathing underground and knockings behind the wall. Workmen beating steel perhaps, tunefully, in time. But he did not know the other noise, regular and soft. Was it mines or something greater? One man came past, stepping quietly. The sentry stood at attention, butt to toe. More men came along the other side, obscurely, not talking; as though going to a work — cloth caps; shapeless, slouching, with bad boots that sounded like slippers. Hundreds; a procession going and returning; some whispering, most silent: so many that the slithering of the feet made one sound; like a beast drawing itself along on its belly.

In the dirty air and darkness, with only the lamp, he could not pick one from another. He pressed his back against the wall, bending his head out of the light — hoping. None showed his face, even when they stopped in obscure groups. A jarring voice spoke up. All footsteps stopped, and they laughed, all of them. Then the shout again, and an immediate hooting laugh, bitter and great, hateful to the homesick sentry.

He peered into the movement, which bulged nearer to him, muttering. An old woman stood in front, quite near, pointing her arm; she yelled. It was the same voice, louder than a man's, wickedly jeering. The crowd behind pushed, there in the dark. Thousands must have come up out of the well of the night on the waste land. He was stiff and staring. They would all come of a sudden and then move back into the shadows again. None came so near as the hag with the knitted shawl: she led them in a dance against him: running mincingly forward so that he could see her face turned up; crouching down, chin to knee.

He was afraid of her. He looked sideways on the wall where giant shadows heaved. He saw they were not made by separate shapes of folk, but by some big thing unformed. The street was full of the crawling of a monster. He could see that the men, like feelers, were all attached to it by something solid that stretched as it moved. The hag was only the end: a small crooked mouth that spat at him and undulated to snatch at him. The street spoke in a deep voice, *hoo, hoo,* that went on, groaning and sobbing with rage. He did not try to move, only leaned on his rifle.

Then they began to chant rhythmically, a foreboding song. The tune thrust up against the vast wall and thundered back. A shouting cry led it and the big mouth hammered out the chorus, like sailors at work. He knew. A beast was travailing and working to be born, and that in anguish and rage. Stones smashed on the wall, aimlessly behind, as if kicked out of the pavement by the writhing monster. A pain struck his leg, and his side. He whimpered and kept stiffened again; he was watching now to see what it was: he saw that a part of a hideous birth was before him, and that the monster, the eyeless, earless horror, born only through blood and by blood, was struggling to rip itself free. He knew what it was, the Fear they talked of in the train, the thing the officers would not let them say, though they knew — the Ruhr Mob, the unspeakable danger. He came from the country. They had never told him it was like this — a Person, a Beast, conceived in agony

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by a million intolerable hatreds and sufferings; evil, the destroyer.

The way they waited at Essen that day, all those Germans! Now this it was that had moulded itself out of them and drunk their individuality into itself; it was terribly to rise and free them, and rend the French, and crunch their machine-guns and batter them into mud. Tread it, smash it back again, before it is born! Then the desperate clatter of hoofs behind came in time. One moment he saw a splash of white faces with black mouths gaping at him, then the monster disintegrated, disappeared, leaving only snarling workmen, jostled into side alleys by the Cavalry. Not that night under the Bochum wall did the huge birth come. The time is near. The Black Ruhr is bit with it, in travail with it and with that *Day*. The evil, unbreakable thing that tore down the stone Bastille is shaping. 'They are waiting for it, all of them,' the sentry told me.

III. ENTER THE VILLAIN

The careful plot of the French Ironmasters is out of gear. Herr Stinnes, man of coke, is grittier than they had counted; still, the army they borrowed from France may bring him down any week! But the force they have tried to harness has run away, not to be stopped or bitted. Their chief tool, M. Poincaré, — who was reputed steel, — has twisted like base lead in their fingers; they feel a real *man's* fierce overgrip; they are grown as glum and apprehensive as the crowds they have tricked. These gentlemen of high finance were misled by their first success. The patriotic stupidity of the Chamber and country was hoodwinked in a trice. President and Premier needed only a nod; the borrowed army and the power of the nation moved in their service as by hair-trigger.

It was amazingly easy. The mountains that were ahead slipped under like pebbles. Honest M. Herriot, shepherd of Radical consciences, moved his party like lambs into the Government pen. Nothing but cigarette smoke came from M. Briand, once so volcanic. The Senate, sleepy garrison of the franc-holding classes, held its tongue. Skin-tender Marcel Cachin, timidest of the timidest Communists in Europe, sprang his rattle once, harmlessly distant from France, then thankfully withdrew to eat white, political régime bread, behind the safe walls of the Santé jail. Never was a nation so smoothly ruined.

Then swiftly came news from the Ruhr, and it was the turn of 'big business' to be betrayed. Stinnes scratchings, street commotions within reason, they had foreseen. But Essen Marches, Steel Walls, and Rhineland Republics, high staff insanities, cudgelings where they wished only nicely adjusted threats, this was treason, not in accordance with their plans. Justly angry, they went to M. Poincaré, their M. Poincaré, to explain how the outlines of a magnificently simple plan were spoiled. Who dared this? But M. Poincaré, gnawing his knuckles, would not say. *Then they knew it was Daudet.*

Léon Daudet is the son of Alphonse Daudet, loved of all the world, but the breed has changed. He works with Charles Maurras, prophet of the neo-Royalists, whose deafness, ingenuity, and little goat-beard are famous. Daudet, corridor boss of the parliament which has brought Europe so low, is, also, by accident, a Royalist. He is force, danger, brains; a swarthy, lumbering man, slow in all bodily movements, except with his eyes. A Tammany Danton, with no voice or heart, but expert in humanity, at home in the jungle of financial sin that lies outside and poisons French politics.

In his bulk he is France in micro-

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cosm; he has been everything — doctor, intriguer, financier, editor, author, philologist, pornographer. He has been everything and has done everything well. He is above and below in capacity in this Chamber of honest ninnies; he is the animator, the living battery of the new, unpleasant France. He is the Royalist Party. Without him, it would be a debating society, instead of a working, rancorous poison in the veins of the Republic. Before Mussolini came he invented his Fascisti — the 'newsboys of the King,' with their loaded canes, high spirits, and code of absolute obedience. He called for Jaurés's death and it came about; he was the weasel that tracked down Caillaux; he is the smeller-out-in-chief at the witches' sabbath which began with the triumph of Clemenceau. Cellini, Vidocq, Bottomley, and Titus Oates could be subtracted from his nature, and not decrease his size.

It is this portentous man who has snatched the leading-strings from the amateur hands of the Ironmasters; henceforward he will send the steps of France whither he will. Europe may tremble, but not know the reason. This man's motives are known to no one but himself, not to the philosophic simpleton, Charles Maurras, not to his fat and serious Royalist committee of dowagers and vain Americans. Few believe that such a man deceives himself with babblings about fleur de lys. The most hated man in France, the most dreaded, he is vaguely loathed, but half the Generals of France follow him for the principles he sets forth, and despises. He is trusted by the clergy, who know he is atheist. He is the heart and the life of the *Action Française*, which has brought Royalism into the Chamber, where he leads the stormy Right.

This is the man who unmade M. Briand, who made, lost, and recovered M. Poincaré. To-day he is the real director of the widening circle of the Ruhr adventure, as he has been the living force behind every other move of France toward ruin of herself and of her neighbors.

His work is secret, in the shadows behind M. Poincaré's chair. Three of his servants watch the Premier for him — the slippery M. Bérard, Minister of Education, who popularizes the Humanities in Right Republican salons and believes Daudet can get him a place in the *Académie Française;* M. Maginot, Minister of War, the 'Minister for Montmartre,' as the Puritans reproachfully call him; and Colrat, once called Faithful. On his unknown motives depends the answer to the Ruhr riddle. It is no longer a business blackmail, it has slipped out of the Comité des Forges' unwary hands. What is France doing? Can she succeed? Nothing of good either to herself or the world can come, for it is Léon Daudet's sinister hand that is behind France.

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GREECE IN ECLIPSE

BY HAROLD SPENDER

From the London *Daily Telegraph, March 7*
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

TO-DAY, as I stood on the mound of the dead Athenians on the field of Marathon, I plucked from among the many-colored anemones already covering that sacred grave one blood-red flower, blooming there in the midst of the Greek winter. That flower seems to typify the fate of this country to-day. As I stood on the summit of that mound at Marathon my mind went back to that inspired lyric which Byron wrote just a hundred years ago: —

> The mountains look on Marathon —
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And musing there an hour alone
> I dream'd that Greece might still be free:
> For, standing on the Persians' grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave.

Nor, in this wonderful land of seas and mountains, of blue, clear distances and sparkling waters, can one easily dream one's self a slave to-day. But a tremendous event has happened. One of the great disasters of the world has taken place. The million of crowded human beings, scared and stricken, who fill Greece to-day mean something terrific and menacing.

Let Europe look to it. For Asia is on the march.

I decided to make some attempt to see the young King who reigns as the legitimate successor of that hapless man who has died so suddenly in far-away Sicily. Those who were around Constantine say that he never lifted up his head after the news of the death of his Ministers. He sinned deeply against the people over whom he was set to rule. He ruthlessly persecuted his enemies, and carried on a wicked vendetta against the wisest man produced by modern Greece. But now he is dead. Let us say no more of him, but pass on.

His successor, George II, a young man of thirty years, does not live in the Royal Palace on the Place de la Constitution, that great, formal building which was erected for the use of the Bavarian King, Otho: for that palace is given up entirely to the use of the refugees, and especially of the refugee women workers; and there great workrooms have been already splendidly organized by the Athenian ladies. King George, therefore, lives in a palace slightly removed from the centre of the town — a beautiful, cool, roomy building which looks out over modern Athens. Professor Andreades, the wise friend who has conducted me through the mazes of Athenian life, took me yesterday through the lovely tropical royal gardens, now open to the public, to write my name in the book always so democratically set apart for those who desire an audience of the King. Very shortly afterward I received an appointment, which I now duly proceeded to fulfill.

The little *Amaxa* — the small, one-horse hooded victoria which, on the streets of Athens, fills the part of a London taxi — drove me up to the palace gates, where I was duly saluted by a picturesque Evzone in scarlet cap, white trousers, and dark-blue jacket. Passing within, I was shown by a footman in knee breeches and silk stockings into an anteroom inhabited by a mili-

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tary attaché, a very smart young man, with a flashing row of medals along his left breast.

After a brief delay I passed from one solemn, august footman to another into a large, handsome chamber, where a pleasant-faced young man with a monocle in his right eye sat behind a desk, and now rose to receive me. It was the King. He was plainly and neatly dressed in civilian black.

The conversation which followed, and which lasted for over an hour and a half, was too free and confidential to be conveyed to the general ear. It is not easy to be a King in revolutionary times, when suspicion fills the air and the nation is so corroded and divided with mutual fear that the most innocent acts are misinterpreted and ordinary social life is half suspended. A constitutional King rules mainly by influence; but of what use is influence when you are deprived of all the ordinary means of using it?

I came away with a strange, whimsical feeling of pity for these Kings. They are a lonely class nowadays. Not quite twelve are left in Europe out of some fifty that flourished before the war. Many are eating the bitter bread of exile. One at least has been horribly done to death with his whole family. But of those that remain, how do we treat them?

We alternately cringe to them and kick them. Whatever they do we blame them. If they stick on their thrones we say that they are obstinate. If they abdicate we say that they are cowards and runaways. If they try to govern we say that they are interfering; if they stand aside we say that they are shirking responsibility.

The question of Royalism in Greece is quite different from that in England. These little European nations entirely fail to understand the position of a 'constitutional King.' When a good English traveler, with characteristic enthusiasm for this ingenious invention of ours, recently tried to explain the position of a 'constitutional King' to a Russian audience, they replied with one accord: 'Then why be a King?'

That is the question which is very generally asked in countries like Greece, when you explain the virtues of these exalted beings who have to put their signatures to decisions which they have not made, to open Parliaments in which they are not allowed to sit, and to agree to the conclusions of Cabinet Councils over which they are not allowed to preside.

There is a passage in that brilliant book, *The Life and Letters of Walter Page*, which shows with what admirable common-sense and good humor the position is accepted by King George V. But that view of the British Monarchy has been attained only after three centuries of struggle. The German Kaiser sent out over Europe quite another conception of Kingship. It was the renewal of the idea of divine right. Now the clash between those two ideas is still going on, especially in Greece.

The young Greek King, I am firmly convinced, proposes to follow the English constitutional example, and if he can succeed in doing so he may bring peace to the terrible factions which divide Athens. But Kings, as history shows, are generally undone by their friends, and there exist in Athens today people filled with headstrong passions that will inevitably, if they should again obtain free play, lead the Greek Monarchy to disaster and eclipse.

These Royalists belong to many families with high pedigrees. Many of them are people with Prussian ideas of royal privilege. The excesses with which King Constantine stained his reign — the imprisonments, the assaults, even the assassinations — were the work of this set of men and women.

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Daily I meet numbers of Liberals who have endured long terms of imprisonment under Constantine. One at least was done to death. Those were the bad days, which explain the violence of the executions. The best officers were driven from the army because of their Venizelist views, and that wholesale expulsion of good military brains was, as every soldier knows, the chief cause of the Greek defeat in Asia Minor. Doubtless there were reprisals during the absence of Venizelos in Paris. But the existence and attitude of this form of intense Royalism made civil peace and compromise impossible; and even to-day it is the general opinion in Athens that if Venizelos were to return he would inevitably be assassinated, as he nearly was two years ago in Paris.

Of course, the executions have made things worse; and it is undoubtedly one of the governing facts in Greek politics to-day that if a general election resulted in the return of the Royalist Party the present Ministers would be shot. This has resulted in a state of feeling which explains why the ordinary Greek citizen acquiesces in the present revolutionary phase; for they argue that a new Parliament would mean a return of murderous faction, and a return of such faction might mean the end of Greece. We might even have a repetition of that amazing chapter in human history, so wonderfully described by Gibbon, when the quarrels of the Red and the Blue factions within the city of Constantinople, in the later fifteenth century, led to the capture of that city by Sultan Mohammed.

To avert this, what is needed is a policy of conciliation and party peace in Athens. How shall that be attained? The present Government reminds me of the sailor in the *Ancient Mariner*, who was condemned to wear the albatross round his neck. They seem conscious of a curse. Even when they argue most passionately that the executions were justified they seem to be themselves standing in judgment on their own deeds. They seem to be arguing all the time, like Macbeth with Banquo's ghost, 'Thou canst not say I did it!'

They put it down to the people at one moment; to the army at another; to the 'revolution' at a third. They prove conclusively that the shot men were politically guilty, as indeed they were. 'If we all had our deserts, who should escape hanging?' But when they come to proving crime they pass to more difficult ground. The real fact is that all these Ministers know that the deed was a deed of passion following on the shame of defeat. But they are tied to it as a prisoner to his lengthening chain.

The defenders of the Government continually emphasize the fact that the Revolutionary Greek Ministry offered to hand over the six prisoners to the 'British Ministry' at Athens if the British Government would guarantee to keep them from Greece for twelve years. That proposal was undoubtedly made. But the British Legation here took the view that they would be totally unable to carry out any such guaranty in regard to the subjects of a foreign, independent sovereignty. How could they have restrained foreign prisoners? It is stated that the British Government shifted from that view at the last moment, and that a permission to agree to take the prisoners came from Lord Curzon an hour after the executions. It is difficult to penetrate the vicissitudes of those agonizing days, when the British Minister was honorably struggling to save human life by every means in his power. In any case, it does not affect the guilt of the executions.

The conclusion I draw from all this is that the present Government will not

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last. The soldier Ministers may go out of it at any moment. They do not, apparently, intend to be permanent. The Greek public is humane, almost to the point of view of softness. So I estimate that, after the heat of the moment has passed, they will wish to be ruled by men free from the stain of blood. This fickle democracy which called for blood will disavow their executioners. The Ministry may not survive the present extreme crisis. In that event, who will succeed them? Not Venizelos, because he has given a pledge that he will not come back to Athens for three years. Not the Royalists, because they are associated with defeat and disgrace. What will be wanted will be a powerful Government, representing all sections of moderate men, and free from the guilt of the past. But if Greece is to be saved, it must be a Government of grim energy and determination. For the bottom fact of the situation is that Greece is in danger, and that the country does not yet realize it.

If the revolutionary Government fully realized that fact, all else might be forgiven. But I cannot honestly say that the present rulers of Greece possess the quality of furious zeal which one associates with revolutionary Governments. True, they have imposed some new taxes by revolutionary decree, without the consent of Parliament. That merely means that the taxes are illegal. True, a number of public buildings and factories have been commandeered for the refugees. But much more requires to be done. The pleasant luxuries of Athens require to be abated. It is not right that the refugees should go short of bread while the shops and hotels are so luxuriously supplied. Nor should there be so many splendid houses with few occupants while the refugees are so badly housed.

Some of the revolutionaries have adopted the maxim *Chree tolman*. That is Danton's *Audace — toujours l'audace*. An admirable phrase for a revolution. But I do not really observe a full purpose to act up to it. The good Athenians still get up very late. They still gossip when the sun is shining: and they still eat an immense amount of sweets and smoke an immense number of cigarettes. If you contrast the attitude of Athens in 1923 to London in 1917–18 — when we were in danger — the advantage is emphatically in favor of London.

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EN ROUTE TO THE URALS. II

BY GEORG CLEINOW

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, January* 30, *February* 6
(Berlin Stinnes Daily)

On Tuesday, September 12, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Fiodor moored at Kosmodemiansk, the principal river-town in the 'Autonomous Cheremiss Territory'; the same noon we stopped at Cheboxary, the capital of the 'Autonomous Chuvash Territory'; and shortly before midnight we reached Kazan, the capital of the 'Autonomous Tatar Socialist Soviet Republic.' All day long, therefore, we were traveling through Federated States of the Russian Socialist Federated Republic.

I must confess that, if I had not had a political map of new Russia lying on the table before me, I should hardly have known that these new political entities existed. All Russia, including the steamer Fiodor, was full of Tatars. I could tell the Cheremisses and the Chuvashes by the finely embroidered headdresses of the women and the remarkable beauty of the children. But that exhausted their political differences as far as I observed. Everybody talked Russian. Coachmen and peasants abused each other in Russian.

Except for the Tatars, who are Mohammedans, all are Christians who wear a cross hanging from a little ribbon around their necks, and make the sign of a cross every time a church spire appears in the distance. Naturally these little formalities do not prevent many from clinging to their heathen superstitions and even from belonging to secret sects formerly persecuted by the Government.

Externally Kosmodemiansk and Cheboxary, with their sixteen and fourteen Russian churches respectively and their Russian signs, produce exactly the impression of any small Russian town. Their location on the lofty banks of the Volga, and the fertile, thickly settled districts that lie behind them, give both some importance as commercial centres. The freedom their inhabitants enjoy to work out their own fortunes, unhampered by Church and police, may eventually give birth to intellectual and literary interests. But as yet the people are fully occupied with their primitive trade in country produce, and nationalist and linguistic movements amount to little.

To judge from what we could see of the labor and life along the shore, the country was sound and prosperous. The inhabitants looked well fed and well clad in their linen smocks. At every landing was a crowd of vendors, eager to sell us produce of the country, especially apples. We saw everywhere long columns of peasant carts hauling grain to the Government tax-depositories. On the river we passed many peasants rowing or towing little boats of apples to the nearest market. There are no local handicrafts as far as we could discover. No one tried to sell us leather goods, carvings, basketry, or linens. In fact the country is still exhausted by the World War, the civil war, and the drought. What we saw was the first stir of reviving prosperity following a good harvest.

One result of the general neglect of public services since 1914 is the danger-

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ous condition of the channel. During the night we grounded twice, and I could hear the sailors calling the soundings for hour after hour. On several occasions we passed steamers that were stuck fast, among them the Leo Trotskii, which naturally made an opening for bantering comments. The Alexandr Griboedov, which was preceding us, delayed us for almost two hours by grounding in a narrows. We passed steamboats, sailboats, and barges stranded on the bars, which had been completely plundered by river robbers. During our whole trip from Nizhni to Kazan, nearly eight hundred miles, I saw only two barges in actual service, although two hundred might well be employed.

But the decline of the Volga river traffic is not important until the tributary territory has a surplus to ship. Four fifths of the Volga steamers are laid up not so much for want of repairs as for want of freight, and the number of sailboats and barges in use is only five per cent of what it was in 1914. During the summer and autumn of 1922 no boats were operated on the tributaries to the Volga; not even on the Vetluga, a river that serves as the outlet for one third of Viatka Government. Instead of the twenty large steamers that used to leave Nizhni daily and the twenty that arrived daily at that city, there are only four at present. Between Nizhni and Kazan the decline in traffic is not so noticeable, because Nizhni still has some trade as a transshipping point and because there are no large industries along this portion of the river. Where there were once manufacturing establishments, as for instance at Gorodets, the state of ruin is much more obvious.

During our passage through the Tatar Republic I was vividly reminded of a bit of advice that Karl Radek gave me last February when I started on my first trip to Soviet Russia. He said: —

'Don't go around questioning educated people. Read our newspapers, and when you find something you want to know more about ask one of our leading Communists, or, better still, go and see for yourself. Other people do not understand us. Even our old comrades, who left us in 1917, do not understand us. Otherwise they would not have left us. You cannot make revolutions with kid gloves on.'

I had my own idea of Radek's advice at the time, and did not follow it. I asked questions everywhere. But I must acknowledge that Radek was right. It is no use seeking information concerning conditions and institutions from a man who is utterly opposed to them or who is a failure under them. The tragedy of the Russian intelligentsia lies in the fact that they were too weak to control and guide the Bolsheviki, and that they cannot understand them. I met a few exceptions among the highly educated classes — men who were not Communists, but who were devoting themselves with self-sacrificing loyalty to the service of their people under the conditions that fate imposed upon them. They talked objectively and dispassionately of Russia's condition. In one case an eminent economist defended many Bolshevist policies, and explained why they were necessary and wise under existing circumstances. But when I asked his permission to quote him in my letters, and urged that this would help to conciliate all sections in Russia and strengthen confidence in the Soviet Government in Germany, he indignantly refused, saying: 'I would not help the . . .'

A reader will readily see how such experiences — and I might multiply them — confuse the visitor; how hard it is to get at the facts when you do not share the faith of the Communists and

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yet are forced against your will to admire the vigor with which the Soviet Government runs the community. What is the source of this vitality? It cannot possibly be the terror — mere intimidation. The people I see throughout these broad territories are altogether too free and self-assertive for that. My conversations with the people on the steamer related to everyday matters like taxes, housing conditions, and crops, and gave me little cue to the real sentiment; for it is hard to form opinions from such a tangle of detail. So I decided to land at Kazan, where we were to stop about four hours, and talk with some chance acquaintance there.

I hired a coachman who for three hours drove me about the city, which was slumbering under the starry night. He was a shrewd old Tatar. He refused a drink of excellent brandy that I offered him, but deigned to tell me the story of his life. He was a so-called 'baptized' Tatar, which means that his parents sold him to a Russian missionary for a few rubles when he was fourteen years old — sold him and his soul. He summed up his religion in the statement: 'Either there is one God or no God. Only those people know life who believe in one God. The Russians are fools, or else they are deceivers who think other people fools. *Och, arina, kakia arina!*'

I could not understand until he explained that he was calling the Russians 'stupid beasts.' *Arina* is the word the invading Tatars applied to the Votyaks when they first poured over the Urals eight or nine centuries ago. The Votyaks were forest nomads and hunters, and the Tatars looked down upon them. To-day *arina* has come to be, in the Tatar language, an expression of unfathomable contempt.

My coachman despised the Russians because they worship holy pictures. When I asked him if he believed in God, he answered that he was a Socialist; and when I asked if things were better under Socialism than in the old days, he replied: —

'It will be better. Every man can believe what he wants to, and what seems best to him. The wisest men will rule, no matter what their race, instead of the stupids who ruled us before.'

The last comment expressed his opinion of the men who led Russia into the war. This old Tatar praised the Soviet Government chiefly because it was trying to educate the masses to have opinions of their own. I objected: 'But they have ruined trade and destroyed the merchants.'

'No matter,' he replied. 'New merchants will come, who will make money not only for themselves but also for other people who do not know how to make money.'

His primitive Socialism was combined with a shrewd understanding of leading local characters. He praised highly a Tatar wholesale merchant whose name I have forgotten, and a certain Russian, Stahiev, who used their money for the benefit of the community.

Stahiev hated foreigners. Indeed the common people had such a violent hatred for 'foreigners' after the war that they have even burned their beehives when they raided their estates. When I cautiously asked who was responsible for the devastation at Kazan, my driver replied: 'The Russians.'

'So?' I said. 'The Bolsheviki?'

'No, our Soviet consists entirely of Tatars. It was the generals who destroyed Kazan. If it had not been for the generals, we should have gotten along much better.'

On the whole it was an interesting conversation. I sat on the driver's seat beside the dirty old Tatar, and we

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talked about Germany, the war, and the condition of the laboring people, while his horse picked his way leisurely over the broken pavements. The starlight from a cloudless heaven shed a faint radiance over the city. My old driver had a sense of beauty and pointed out to me with appreciation the finer views, the old churches with their sparkling domes, and the mosques.

Kazan lies upon several hills, so hidden that the town is not visible from the Volga. Therefore the effect was very impressive when we reached the first heights above the river and caught sight of the broad expanse of black gardens, white walls, green roofs, and gold and silver domes, extending into the unknown reaches of the night beyond.

WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER HEAD?

BY X. Y. Z.

[*The recent successful transplanting of insects' heads, reported from Vienna, which we noticed in the* Living Age *of January 20, naturally proves irresistible material for the satirist.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, February 2*
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

He was one of the stupidest ward politicians in Central Europe. I should say the stupidest in the profession, were there not so many rivals for that honor. I grant him this, however: he was vaguely conscious of his deficiencies, although he was far from realizing what a paragon he was in every field of ignorance. He could make speeches that won the ready plaudits of the mob, and was an adept at ringing the changes on the well-worn slogans of politicians; but neither faculty showed powers above those of a well-trained parrot. He merely repeated by rote sentences that he had heard from others, and aped the gestures of more graceful men. He had an uncanny knack for following the crowd, and, with incomparable laxity of principles, he espoused any cause that promised profit. Yesterday he was a passionate Communist; today he is an inflexible reactionary.

Finally, however, familiar political phrases and methods began to pall upon him, and he was dimly conscious of a craving for something new. His friends seriously disapproved this tendency, and when rumor got about that the unhappy fellow was trying to learn something and to circulate some new idea, he discovered for the first time what an asset stupidity is in some careers.

None the less, being an obstinate fellow when once started, he decided to persevere and at least to acquire a little education. This was the situation when one day a serious, long-haired, solemn-looking individual in spectacles called upon him and said:

'I have been following your public career with attention for a long time. I know that you never went to school—'

'I was graduated with credit from

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the primary school,' interrupted the ward politician indignantly.

'And that you never learned anything, and don't know anything,' continued the stranger.

'But — but,' the politician tried to say.

'But,' continued the stranger, 'I know this has n't hampered you in the slightest in your political career. You have delivered countless speeches at countless mass-meetings. I have heard you quoting radical ideas and preaching reactionary doctrines. I have heard you defend Lenin, and again I have heard you extol Mussolini. I have noted that you were on the extreme Left, and a little later on the extreme Right. . . .'

'Why these biographical details?'

'Which you know better than I do already. Quite true. I merely want to show you that you are no closed book to me. I know likewise that you have political ambitions. You are no longer contented with being cheered merely by the mob. You wish to get into Parliament.'

'No; no,' objected the politician modestly, but still with a suggestion of assent in his voice.

'You would like to be a department chief.'

'I beg pardon. Every other man you meet is not qualified for such a post.'

'Perhaps you would like to hold a cabinet portfolio.'

'Of course I'd like that,' murmured the politician.

'But you are perfectly aware that you don't know anything. Of course you recall that many an ignorant and uncultured man has played a big rôle in our country, but they were usually lucky exceptions. Every fool is not lucky.'

'Come to the point. What is your business?'

'Quite true. I have merely come to ask if you would like to have another head.'

The ward politician stared astonished at his caller and replied: 'Suppose I do. What good would it do me?'

'That's just the point. I have come to give you another head. You'll be able within a few days, and possibly within a few hours, to know what others have learned only by years of laborious, conscientious study. You will know political science, finance, philosophy, law, and medicine. You will be as wise as Faust himself.'

'Not Faust. I have n't the head for it.'

'Quite true. That's why you'd have to have a transplantation.'

'Transplantation? What's that?'

'Have n't you read the last report of the great biologist Meissenheimer on transplanting the heads of insects and vertebrates?'

'I never read reports.'

'Have n't you read in the newspapers of the progress that Professor Finkler has made in his researches?'

'I never read progressive newspapers.'

'Then I must explain myself a little, before I ask you if you want another head.'

'I beg pardon?'

'Some twenty-five years ago naturalists and physicians began to experiment with transplanting the organs of the lower animals. Their experiments succeeded. They have continued along this path, and now, for instance, they cut the heads off of a couple of angle worms, and transplant them, and lo and behold! in a short time the new heads are growing on the new bodies.'

'Poor worms,' sighed the ward politician, who was a tender-hearted man, but only in respect to animals.

'After these promising beginnings, the scientists began to experiment with

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insects. They tried crickets and water bugs. To spare your feelings, let me say at once that they use anæsthetics in these operations. So they have changed heads about on these also.'

'You're joking!'

'I'm telling you the serious truth. Professor Przibram at Vienna has had extraordinary success with his methods of transplantation. Under his direction young Cappani has been transplanting the eyes of fish, and now we have reached a point where we can transplant heads with assurance. The heads of insects are, as scholars say, plucked, exchanged, and grow without the necessity of sewing or cementing in any way.

'For a short time the body and the new head have some difficulty in adjusting themselves to each other, but in a few weeks the new compound animal eats and drinks, moves about, and acts just about as it did before. If you put a female head on a male animal, the insect becomes vain and self-conscious; if you put a male head on a female animal, the insect becomes cross and quarrelsome.'

'Very interesting, but you're merely talking about insects.'

'No, this is important for human beings. I have carried these investigations beyond the point reached by the scientists I name, and can assure you that all that has been done with animals can be repeated in case of the most highly developed man. Do you want another head? I can get you one.'

'That's incredible,' said the politician, involuntarily raising his hands as if to protect his own head.

'If you only read the newspapers, you would n't find it strange at all. Every day they publish some new discovery, some new invention that would have been thought a miracle a few years ago. Just consider the rejuvenation experiments. To-day they change an old man into a young boy. Why should n't they turn a fool into a sage?

'I know that I would be able, for instance, to take you in hand and in a snap of the fingers — almost — make a great statesman of you.'

'Is this some carnival joke?'

'It's no joke at all. I'm not a joking man. I am, and you must have realized it as soon as I introduced myself, the best-known surgeon in the world. I have performed so many operations that all record of most of them has been lost. It would be the simplest thing in the world for me to guillotine you, so to speak, and put a new head on you.'

'Sir,' roared the ward politician, thoroughly aroused, 'you're making fun of me. I honestly don't know what to think of you.'

'But I know what to think of myself,' said the stranger. 'I grant that the operation will be a difficult one, for we must decide first of all what kind of new head you want. The best way is to select beforehand the particular head you wish. I have found it necessary to make that an inflexible requirement — that if a man wants a new head, he shall procure it for himself. Then there is another possible difficulty. You are at present very much opposed to the Communists. You might select a head of a very intelligent-appearing gentleman, who might turn out to be a follower of Marx and Engels.

'You might even find your new head preaching Bolshevism. Of course, that would be a catastrophe. I cannot promise you what might happen if I should put a shrewd old Jew's head on you, and you were suddenly to break out into a pro-Semite speech in an anti-Semite gather-

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ing. In a word, one of the hardest things in the world is to get just the kind of head that suits a person. It even gives me the headache to think of the difficulty there must be in making such a selection. Moreover, all kinds of secrets are hidden in stranger's heads. Most people talk very differently from what they think, and unhappily we are not yet able to fathom the real thoughts of people before we perform the operation.'

The stranger spoke the last words rapidly and impetuously, and seizing the politician by the throat said: 'Now I must take your measure. If I'm to cut off your old head and give you a new one, I must at least know what size collar you wear.'

The politician was preparing to defend himself vigorously from the latter proceeding when a fellow politician dropped in.

The stranger instantly bowed himself out, without a further word of explanation or farewell beyond a significant nod of the head.

'Do you know that famous physician?' asked the newcomer.

'It's the first time I ever saw him,' replied the politician, rubbing his throat. 'Is he really a famous surgeon?'

'Surgeon? What are you thinking of? He's a psychiatrist.'

'Psychiatrist? What's that?'

'An alienist. A fellow who treats crazy men.'

'And that fellow thought my head was not good enough for me! He was going to put someone's else head on me the way they have been doing with worms and insects.'

'Don't lose your temper. This psychiatrist treats many of the patients who come to his institution as if they were sane, and many who are n't in his institution as if they were madmen. We never know when he's in earnest, or when he's making a fool of us. Consider, moreover, you don't need another head. Yours is good enough for your profession. More than that, a different head would n't help you, for men judge their fellow men by their heads. So if you had another head grafted on, you would n't be yourself, but someone else, and the other fellow would n't be someone else, but you.'

'My head's all in a whirl.'

'No harm done if you had no head at all. It would n't handicap you in your job. We politicians don't need heads, but only mouths.'

'Well, I've got that anyhow,' said the ward politician with satisfaction, whereupon the two friends hastened off, arm in arm, to a public meeting, where they proposed to defend with eloquence and vigor the established institutions of their country.

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OPEN DIPLOMACY

BY N. TÁCIN

From *Dni, January 24*
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)

FATE has made me a Russian émigré in Berlin — a man who 'has no soil under his feet,' as our Bolshevist enemies tell us. Yet, positively, during these last days I am beginning to feel something like soil under my feet. I have no sort of connection with any Bolshevist agency abroad, but I feel as if I were a real diplomat, filling a responsible post!

In fact, I almost daily conclude Russo-German alliances. I am not the only one who does so, either. It usually happens thus: —

I walk into a grocery, to buy a quarter of a pound of butter, early in the morning or immediately after dinner, when there are few customers and the grocer is free to give some leisure to diplomacy. While he is weighing the butter I heave a deep sigh — it comes easily because a quarter of a pound of butter costs one thousand marks. This sigh serves as a diplomatic approach. The grocer responds readily, saying that, indeed, things go from bad to worse. *Furchtbar!*

'Of course,' I say, 'if you have dollars —'

'And what nationality are you?'

'Russian,' I say with the pride of a beggar producing his legal permit of mendicancy.

'My word! Russian! Well — they say it's still worse over there.'

I tell him all about it. But I see with regret that the grocer is far from pitying the sufferings of the Russian people. I am even inclined to think that he feels more than indifferent in this respect. His thoughts dart off in another direction.

'*Aber* — You have such a strong army!' he exclaims. '*Die rote Armee!* And anyway, Russia is such a rich country! If only — If we could start a Russo-German alliance! Oh, it was such a mistake at that time — before the war! If only Germany and Russia had stood together — *Mein Gott*, we should —'

For a moment the grocer's gaze is lost meditatively in the distance. But — a thorough adept of *Realpolitik* — he soon gets back to business. He tells me what wonderful engineers Germany has; that Germans are the best workers in the world; that Germany has Krupp, Stinnes, Thyssen, whereas in Russia —

'You understand, do you? If — to Russia's great riches — *Es ist ja etwas kolossal!* — we were to add order, organization! This would be —'

He loses his breath for a moment with the inspiration of the vision he has conjured.

'Our salvation lies in a close alliance,' he continues. 'If you only consent —'

I assure him of my consent. Immediately he begins to talk of the Red Army.

'Certainly, this is a force. The Red Army —' But here I detect a shadow of doubt in his voice. 'It's a force. However, without German instructors and generals — And without boots — And then that Communism of yours! It's true, they are repudiating it now, but the sign is still over the door — and this won't do! *Nein, nein; das*

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geht nicht! You should stop this nonsense!' — and he starts to get irritated.

I begin to fear lest our rapprochement may fail after all. I hasten to soothe his feelings by telling him that if Krupp, Stinnes, Otto Wolff, and other German *Realpolitiker* think it possible to deal with Russia, this proves that things are not quite so bad. Whereupon he breathes more freely again.

'And, believe me, then all those Poincarés will see what's what!' he breaks in with flashing eyes.

He does not continue — but I understand him perfectly.

In a few minutes the Russo-German alliance is concluded and we part in a mood of mutual satisfaction.

Sometimes, in my diplomatic labors, I encounter a fellow diplomat who has lived in Russia before. For instance, yesterday I started a conversation with the proprietor of the restaurant where I took dinner. This gentleman possesses a countenance somewhat resembling that of Bismarck, and is very proud of it. I am even inclined to think that, when alone, he knits his eyebrows so as to make them look more like the bushy eyebrows of the Iron Chancellor.

His face glowed with happiness when he discovered that I was Russian.

'I was in Russia,' he tried to tell me in my native tongue.

As a man who looks like Bismarck, he thinks himself in honor bound to think as his great prototype did. And as soon as I approached the subject of a Russo-German alliance, he embarrassed me with a — a certain definiteness of political opinion!

'Fine fellows, those Bolsheviki of yours!' he exclaimed in German, knitting his eyebrows. 'They are making a good mess of those Socialists of yours over there! I wish we had a few of those Bolsheviki over here, in Germany. They'd show our *Lumpen* what's what!'

I was interested to know whom he designated by this unkind epithet, and learned with grief that these persons included Scheidemann, Kautsky, Müller, Wirth, the deceased Rathenau, Maximilian Harden, Ledebour, Theodor Wolff — in short all republicans and democrats. Even Prince Max of Baden got his share.

'He also sold out to the Socialists!' my Bismarck-like host shouted. 'If it had not been for him, Wilhelm would not have fled to Holland, we should never have known this *verdammte Republik*, and everything would have been different — I assure you!'

For a moment he hid his face behind a beer mug, so that all I saw were his flashing, angry eyes and bushy eyebrows — just like the familiar brewery advertisement. Having refreshed himself he continued: —

'Yes — we should try your Cheka over here — we surely should! It would have made a quick end of all this dirt — *dieser Schmutz*! I know! I know!'

I must confess that this time I concluded my Russo-German alliance not without some apprehensions. . . .

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SHAKESPEARE AND SCHOPENHAUER

BY DOCTOR KURT VON SONNENFELDT

From the *Neue Freie Presse, January 29*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

SOMEONE has said that if the earth should be hurled into the sun by a cosmic catastrophe, and the only evidence that our planet had ever existed to survive should be, by some miracle, a copy of Goethe's *Faust*, the whole intellectual and spiritual evolution of mankind could be reconstructed from this single book.

Naturally, that is an exaggeration. The twin-soul Faust-Mephisto, incarnated by a poetic genius in two diametrically different types of man, affords, to be sure, a theme almost limitless; but not absolutely so. There are shadings, degrees, combinations of human experience that cannot be expressed through this symbol. Goethe's aspiring Gothic and pillared Hellenic art affords a background for an untold wealth of life, but not for every possible manifestation of our multiform and infinite world.

Indeed, we should be better justified in saying — though even here it would be an exaggeration — that, were Shakespeare's dramas and Schopenhauer's philosophy the only monuments of the human intellect rescued from a consumed and vanished world, they would suffice to answer the question: What was Man?

For there is no human passion, no potentiality of the human soul, that is not portrayed in living flesh and blood, in all its tragedy and all its humor, by Shakespeare, and that has not been interrogated as to its contribution to the meaning of life by Schopenhauer. All our progress in the microscopy of the soul only confirms more fully Shakespeare's and Schopenhauer's unerring insight. What are love, hatred, jealousy, remorse, recklessness, mortal terror, vengeance, ambition? What is a king, a commander, a priest, a hero, a beggar, a murderer, a liar, a fool, a coward, a mother, a strumpet? Shakespeare portrays and Schopenhauer explains this to us.

Therefore it is not fanciful to associate these two names, though they may never before have been mentioned in a single breath, and though between them there is no closer kinship of intellect than between all great geniuses.

A few months ago a book was published at Rome entitled: *Shakespeare e il dolore del mondo* ('Shakespeare and the *Weltschmerz*'), which for the first time explicitly suggests that Shakespeare, the creator of Richard III, of Othello, and of other impetuous and willful men driven headlong to a tragic end by the torrential power of their passions, was, in the deepest intimacy of his being, a Buddhist convinced that the path to perfection is through renunciation of the will.

The fact that Shakespeare, a son of the Renaissance, living in an age that had little contact with or knowledge of the wisdom of the East, could hardly have known aught of historical Buddhism, does not affect the weight of this hypothesis. A man does not need to breathe the incense of the Vedas to be a Buddhist. The Buddhism so powerfully and vividly transmitted

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to us from Gautama Buddha is no structure of dogmas, but a conception of life, which bears about the same relation to formal Buddhism that primitive Christianity bears to a State Church.

Therefore we are not concerned with the question whether Shakespeare knew of Buddhism in its historical form. For that historical form is, in the eyes of Buddhist esoterics themselves, only a phenomenal representation of an eternal truth, subject to the defects and errors of all phenomenal existence. If Shakespeare had a convincing vision of the fleetingness and the shadowness of existence, of the inseparable association of life and sorrow, and if his dramas are pervaded with the solemn melancholy of this conviction, he was a Buddhist, although he may not even have suspected the existence of the ritual and dogmatic Buddhism of that historical sect.

This is the argument of the book in question. At first glance, the reader may feel inclined to dispute the thesis. Can Shakespeare, in whose tragedies the blindly raging will-to-be storms recklessly toward its goal through blood and crime, be the poet of life-denial? Can he, whose comedies portray human folly blundering through ridiculously to happy endings, be the poet of sorrow? I confess, the author's hypothesis seemed to me clever but unconvincing until I recalled a conversation I had about ten years ago in Westminster Abbey.

It was during a visit with a party of Indian friends to that great mausoleum of the kings and queens of Shakespeare's tragedies, whose stone effigies recline there on their sarcophagi. Someone mentioned a fact first noted by Heine, that every one of Shakespeare's tragedies has its peculiar climate, peculiar season, and local atmosphere: in *Lear* — the heath at night, lashed by the unchained elements; in *Romeo and Juliet* — the luxuriant gardens of Verona, where golden oranges glow among the dark-green foliage; in the *Merchant of Venice* — the Rialto thronged with haggling hucksters and strolling dandies; in *Antony and Cleopatra* — Egypt, the silent, rigid land of death, the narrow valley of the Nile with its cliff temples, obelisks, and pyramids ruled by Cleopatra, the 'Parisienne of antiquity.' What contrasts! What a bewildering wealth of impressions!

'And yet all these dramas, which it seems impossible to reduce to a common denominator, do have this in common, that they all expose the will-to-live as an absurdity,' one of the Indians remarked moodily, as he gazed abstractedly at the statue of the poet who stands with a roll of parchment in his hands, staring fixedly with his lifeless marble eyes through the obscurity of the great Abbey.

I recalled the remark of that Indian while I pondered, with a certain mental discomfort, upon Lorenzo's book. Does not Shakespeare, after all, make the will-to-live an absurdity? One needs only to open the fifth act of any of Shakespeare's tragedies to have a vision of the Day of Judgment. The triumph of death over life accompanied by the rhythm of a dirge is the last empty echo that survives of all these mighty titanic passions, which with the irresistible power of primitive explosives rend and crush whatever opposes them — until suddenly fate, with a languid gesture, erases them from the record of existence.

Death stalks through these plays in all his manifold disguises, to the wailing cadence of the funeral marches so often indicated in the scanty scene-directions at the end of Shakespeare's dramas: as murder, as suicide, or —

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for example, in case of Lear — as release and liberation from an agony that has reached the unendurable. In the last form death comes closest to the Buddhist goal of utter will-negation. Murder, the destroying of another's life, is an extreme act and affirmation of will; and suicide, the destroying of one's own body, is not, in the Buddhist sense, a negation of life in itself, but merely a negation of life in a particular form. Only he who has liberated himself from life in all its forms and possibilities, is released from the circle of rebirth, and attains the condition which we are compelled to describe negatively as Nirvana because we possess no positive characterization for it.

And if we study the details of the Shakespearean drama, how many turns and phrases betray profound contempt for life and for man! We know little of Shakespeare's own life. He may have been a courtier or a penniless actor who incurred the wrath of a country squire for poaching on his game preserve, and who wrote his tragedies and comedies with throbbing head and trembling fingers, to keep the wolf from the door, because his nightly engagements at the Blackfriars Theatre neither provided for his material wants nor satisfied his artistic cravings. Whether he gathered his knowledge of mankind in the council chamber of a royal Elizabethan Palace, or in the dressing-room of his own theatre, he learned to know human nature stripped of all its pretenses and artificialities, in its true guise — vain, shallow, flat, and uninspiring the things of this world seemed to him.

Or shall we cite the divine laughter of his comedies as proof that Shakespeare was not a pessimist? Paradoxical as it sounds, there is only one obvious distinction between tragedy and comedy. An incident may be tragic or comic according to the distance from which we view it. Seen through a microscope, the thronging infusorial life of a drop of water is a comedy. Sea monsters, met in mortal combat in the ocean-depths, would be a tragedy. A superhuman eye might well dismiss the distinction between the two as unessential.

A slight difference of perspective, for instance, might turn *Othello* into a comedy — the eternal comedy of the jealous husband — or convert the *Taming of the Shrew* into the tragedy of the never-ending conflict of the sexes. In the same way that we pass easily from the sublime to the ridiculous, we can pass with a single step from the ridiculous to the sublime. So it was no mere concession to the perverted taste of his age, but a profound insight, that made Shakespeare constantly intermingle the tragic with the comic, follow bloody episodes with absurd passages between clowns, relieve a scene of overwhelming horror with the flash of a fool's wit. Only he who truly comprehends the tragedy of life is qualified to comprehend its comedy, and is capable of true humor.

Schopenhauer, the codifier of pessimism, is proof of this. His masterpiece, which has been called 'the most hope-bereft book ever published,' none the less contains passages of spontaneous merriment whose refreshing humor speaks directly to the heart.

So, in speaking of the 'Buddhist Shakespeare,' our Italian critic is by no means playing with a brilliant paradox, but rather hands us a new key to the understanding of Shakespeare's world. But it is merely a suggestion, merely a finger-post; and it makes no reference to the intellectual kinship between Shakespeare and Schopenhauer, each of whom, in his original field, has depicted and unmasked the overflowing fullness of life.

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Neither Shakespeare nor Schopenhauer rejects the world out of weariness or weakness, but out of the glowing fullness of his strength. That rejection is not the fruit of pale, sicklied thought, but of a vigorous, primitive, instinctive reaction. When Schopenhauer was a very young man he accompanied his parents on a pleasure trip to Southern France. At the sight of the Bagno de Toulon, where convicts are detained pending deportation to Cayenne and New Caledonia, he was suddenly overpowered for the first time by a crushing sense of the tragedy of human existence. He says: 'When I was seventeen years old, before I knew of such things through books, the unutterable sorrow of existence was suddenly revealed to me, as it was to Buddha in his youth, when he looked upon and knew illness, age, pain, and death.' Schopenhauer's ethics are as thoroughly Buddhist as his æsthetics are Platonic.

The first time that one reads *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* he is carried away by the dramatic interest and intensity of this profound, seemingly dispassionate work. Its construction, its dizzy ascent from the theory of knowledge through metaphysics and æsthetics to ethics, affected me, the first time I read it, precisely like a four-act drama. This play, whose hero is Man, whose plot is the successive stages in the evolution of the will-to-be, with its tragic sequence of exposition, climax, and catastrophe, arousing as it does both fear and pity, lacks only dialogue to be a tragedy. That is why I would call Schopenhauer the Shakespeare of philosophy.

Shakespearean also are the vividness, the lifelikeness, the precision, and the clearness of his presentations. There are no half-drawn characters, weak outlines, ambiguities, and exaggerations. The profound thoughts that dwell in the ultimate borderland of human knowledge are expressed with direct, clear words, and with a wealth of metaphor sprung fresh from the author's mind for the occasion, that give vitality and living force to his expression, and enable him, like Shakespeare, to depict the most delicate shadings of the experience of the soul. For that which many a modern poet is reduced to suggesting by exclamation points and paradoxes, he always finds the precise, appropriate color, upon his inexhaustible palette.

Schopenhauer was fond of comparing his work with Thebes of the Hundred Gates, because short, direct roads lead to its centre from every point of its periphery. This definiteness and plainness, which no other system of philosophy possesses in equal measure, give Schopenhauer's writings the same peculiar charm of living literature that makes Shakespeare's world likewise a Thebes with a Hundred Gates, where all roads lead directly to the heart of the city.

Like Shakespeare, Schopenhauer also was a man of strong impulses and passions; and that mastering and subjugation of the will, that striving toward ascetic holiness, which he describes with such irresistibly touching yearning, is a reflection of the interaction between his own being and an unattainable ideal. Never was this Buddhist, thirsting for Nirvana, able to free himself from the bonds of the senses, against which he rebelled so vainly but so passionately when but a youth of seventeen: 'O pleasure, O torments, O senses, O love! Not to be served and not to be conquered! You draw me to you, you bind me with a million tiny threads, and defeat every effort I make to rise to something higher.'

His broad cosmopolitan vision, free

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from all taint of provincialism and insularity, likewise makes Schopenhauer an intellectual kinsman of Shakespeare. Indeed, he just escaped being in truth Shakespeare's fellow countryman; for his father, descended from a family of patrician Netherlands merchants, would have been gratified had his own Arthur been born in London, 'the capital of the world.' And though Danzig was destined to be his native city, he none the less belongs to the same intellectual race as the greatest of Englishmen, who in so many ways was utterly un-English. Schopenhauer himself was conscious of this kinship. He cites no other poet, no Indian or Persian sage, nor even his beloved Calderón, so often as Shakespeare. And a quotation from Shakespeare, in one of Schopenhauer's periodic sentences, does not sound like a quotation but like an organic part of the original word-texture. Like Shakespeare, Schopenhauer faces the tragedy of life without weak sentimentality, but boldly and defiantly, sword in hand. He surveys the enemy with the laughing carelessness of conscious superiority. He bows to none.

A NEW EDITION OF AMIEL'S JOURNAL

BY GERARD BAUER

From *L'Écho de Paris, January 25*
(Clerical Daily)

We owe to the care of M. Bernard Bouvier, professor at the University of Geneva, a new edition of *Amiel's Journal*, which has just appeared. M. Bouvier has been the owner of the manuscript of the Journal since the death of Mlle. Mercier, his relative and Amiel's first heir. It was M. Bouvier who in 1882 carried to Edmond Scherer, then critic of *Le Temps*, portions of the *Journal Intime*, which Scherer at first refused. The critic had known Amiel and had, out of friendship, paid some attention to his essays and his poetry, but he had no very high opinion of them. Why should he want anything more from this languid man, so lacking in personality?

He therefore rejected the bundle of papers that M. Bernard Bouvier brought him; but when the latter insisted, he took them, read them, and found himself in the presence of an imposing document, undoubtedly the most minute story that had ever been written about 'the journey of a soul.' The critic immediately assumed responsibility for its publication and brought out two volumes of important excerpts from the Journal.

The choice made by Mlle. Mercier and Scherer can hardly be called arbitrary, but it was at least affected by considerations of respectability, of affection, and a certain social modesty. The critic and the friend together softened down certain passages here and there, and cut out others that were equally as important in illuminating Amiel's thought as some of

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the others which they permitted to see the light of day. In short, the first edition of the Journal, and even the fifth, which appeared in 1887, in form somewhat different from the first, cast only partial light on Amiel's personality.

The edition that M. Bernard Bouvier gives to-day is more complete, and far more authoritative for the study of this remarkable man. To be sure, we do not even yet have in our hands the whole Journal, the manuscript of which, beginning in December 1847 and finishing only with the death of Amiel, in April 1881, includes 174 quarto notebooks — 16,900 pages of text.

The new selections that M. Bouvier has supplied, the insight with which he has given us the primitive text, the order, and the notes that he has furnished, go a long way toward giving a fair picture of Amiel.

In the beginning of this *Journal Intime* we find feelings of pride, of timidity, of uncertainty toward himself. The solitary writer exalts his own personality and pleases himself in this confession. He formulates judgments here that he often dared not express in life, tries at length to get a grip on his will, to improve himself by confession of his weaknesses and by the picture that he draws for himself of his own imperfections. These things appear in almost childish degree at the beginning of Tolstoi's admirable *Journal of a Writer*.

As far as Amiel was concerned, in the *Antecedents* of his Journal, he had worked out a plan for intimate note-taking, and later he developed it into a curious table that was to serve him daily with stones for the edifice he was building: —

A. *Acta*
- (a) Employment of time and of the various hours (statistics)
- (b) Details (hopes)

B. *Cogitata*
- (a) Knowledge acquired (Museum)
- (b) Ideas found and discovered (Arsenal)

C. *Sentita*
- (a) Transient, fugitive impressions (lyric, theatre)
- (b) Permanent, fundamental feeling (religion, confession)

This method, which he did not follow strictly, seems to have its inspiration in the German habits of order which he had acquired during a long stay in German universities, a period which was to leave its mark on Amiel for his whole life. It did not so much affect him in his deep way of thinking and writing, but in his admiration for a certain philosophic school and the qualities of a people. In a penetrating study which M. Paul Bourget devoted to Amiel immediately after the publication of his Journal, he insisted upon the Germanic influence that the Geneva professor had undergone.

He found in the confessional notebooks a way of thinking and of expressing thought that was very German, and he quoted several passages of rather heavy language, encumbered with obscure metaphor, certainly more Hegelian than Cartesian. But these passages, by no means numerous, do not prove a specifically German cast of thought in Amiel, any more than does his often expressed admiration for Germany. Amiel had passed five years at Heidelberg and at Berlin, between 1840 and 1849, at a time when Germany was still impregnated with Romanticism — not a trace of which appears in Amiel, in spite of physical characteristics which might have inclined him strongly in that direction, and which in the case of a good many Frenchmen took the intellectual form of an anxious melancholy.

But M. Paul Bourget is altogether right when he thinks that he finds in Amiel a disease of the will. 'This man

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of high ability and yet paralyzed — capable of the most daring speculations and yet helpless for the least daily effort, both exalted and uncertain, frenzied and cowardly, this Protestant Hamlet, sick with hesitations and tragic scruples like Shakespeare's Hamlet — represents one more of these innumerable cases of a duel between intelligence and will.'

A 'Protestant Hamlet' — that is the fairest style and title. A Protestant Amiel was, and he was that far more than he was a German. His search for equilibrium, honest and simple, his preacher's tone, his rational admiration for nature — many such a trace is recorded in his Journal and marks his Calvinistic character.

Fashioned in a more mystical school, in a tenderer school, Amiel would without doubt have furnished a more exalted and a more romantic work. Because he felt himself stricken in his will power, he forced himself to stir that very will by the daily spectacle of his own nature, his actions, and his thought. He thought that by doing this he would find more easily the gaps in his moral being, those gaps through which his great possibilities poured out to waste; and he thought that he might stop them up. But what he himself regarded as a moral malady was perhaps in its origin physical.

It would be interesting to possess the opinion of a physiologist or a neurologist on *Amiel's Journal;* and that would be a very interesting study for an essayist, such for example as Dr. Paul Voivenel. He would not fail to gather up, among the old and new portions of the diary published by M. Bernard Bouvier, some characteristics which would show Amiel's lack of animal confidence, physical uncertainty to as great a degree, at least, as moral timidity.

We must read the passage dated December 14, 1849, in which Amiel expresses his views at twenty-eight. He discusses his chastity, which had been rigorous up to that time. What reasons does he give himself for his attitude toward purity? Fear of passion, respect for others, preference of ignorance to remorse — in short, timidity. But this timidity which he does not consider as the determining motive — he is certainly more assured when he writes than he was in life — was no doubt the main element in his case.

Later on, as his confessions draw to a close, he speaks complacently of the attraction that he had for women. And yet we cannot be mistaken here. This attraction was due to the sweetness of his nature and to something feminine in him. He remarks that women like to confess to him — innocent confessions, no doubt, of friends who were charmed by a sensitive and sympathetic soul.

When you look at the portrait of Amiel, you are touched by the calm sadness of his glance, by a meditative face marked by that deep line running from lip to nose which is the mark of anxiety in emotional people; but it is not a masculine, a determined, visage. Instinctively it was for masculine equilibrium, for a decisive will, that Amiel sought; and he never found it. He was content with the imitation of action and of work — a journal. It was there that he expressed his opinions on men, on peoples, and on religion. It was there that he reproduced himself; there that he exhausted his powers — as he himself wrote on one occasion. This journal is the most enormous document of impotence that anyone can read — a document which was nevertheless conceived in wisdom and in moral dignity.

But how little of virility and vigor there is in all these thousand pages

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when they have been read! This melancholy man sought happiness in formulas. That was his error. Renan said that he failed to come to Paris in order to know France better. In France he would have understood both France and life better, for he did not like Geneva. He himself admits it. He was bored there. The experience of travel would perhaps have given him that physical shock, thanks to which men and affairs would have taken on another aspect in his eyes. But he lived bent in upon himself.

Switzerland inspired this journal in him just as it inspired in the émigré Senancour his work, *Obermann;* and, like his predecessor, Amiel was a powerless kind of individual, 'thunderstruck without lightning.'

THE WAR IN THE CRADLE OF MANKIND

BY W. A. AND E. T. A. WIGRAM

[*This stirring account of the desperate fighting during the World War on the headwaters of the Tigris is from a war chapter which has been added to the latest edition of Messrs. Wigram's* The Cradle of Mankind. *It is an authoritative statement of affairs in the country between Lake Van and Mosul, which the Turkish difficulties are once more drawing to the attention of the world.*]

NEARER Asia has been swept by another of those great cataclysms with which its past history has rendered it but too familiar — in this case only a backwash of a yet more world-wide catastrophe, but scarcely less devastating than the ravages of Genghis or Timour. Whole communities and nations have been almost completely erased. And some brief epilogue is needed to tell of the fate that has befallen them, and to arouse some new interest among Englishmen in the future of those battered remnants whom their treaties still pledge them to protect.

The first news of the outbreak of war was brought to Benyamin Mar Shimun, Patriarch of the East Syrian Christians, at Qudshanis. He had just returned thither from Van, where he had been discussing governmental business with the Vali. The discussions had been most amicable; and he had brought back with him a whole crop of promises for the redress of grievances — promises which he had accepted with becoming gratitude, but at the recognized rate of discount, having had ripe experience of the value at which they were apt to be redeemed.

The first open fighting occurred in neutral Persia — a country which should (theoretically) have been out-of-bounds to both sides. But Urmi, though nominally Persian, had for years been practically administered by the resident Russian 'consul,' and the Turks were not altogether unjustified in electing to regard it as enemy territory. A mixed force of Turks and Kurds swept down from the mountains upon Urmi, massacring the wretched Armenians, and driving before them the struggling Assyrians from the villages of Mergawar and Tergawar.

With the Assyrian tribesmen in the mountains the crisis had not developed

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so rapidly. The Turks themselves were anxious to defer it. Indeed, there is no valid reason to doubt that they would have liked to evade it altogether. This knot of hardy mountaineers ensconced in their rocky fastnesses were far more difficult to eradicate than ten times their number of Armenians — poor, spiritless hucksters and husbandmen dispersed in open villages and towns. There was little spoil to be won from them — many more hard knocks than ha'pence — and the force that would be needed to subdue them was wanted rather urgently elsewhere.

Thus quite high bids were made for what the Turks called Assyrian loyalty, and what the Assyrians, clinging fondly to their traditional but shadowy independence, preferred to style 'alliance.' But the very magnitude of these Greek gifts aroused the distrust of the majority.

Every night brought their Patriarch news — for now none dared travel by day — of some fresh massacre perpetrated in some of their isolated villages. One night came five successive messengers from five different villages; and all closed their tidings with the same refrain, 'I only am escaped to tell.' Would it not be better to trust to their own right arms? To the chance of help from Russia, to the fainter chance of help from England? These nations had always befriended them, and with them their real sympathies lay.

Meanwhile the war was still distant, and no final choice was forced upon them. Through the winter the nation wavered. But it was significant that the Patriarch quitted Qudshanis, which lay on the outskirts of his territory, and close to the Turkish garrison at Julamerk, and withdrew across the Zab into the rugged mountain fastnesses of Diz.

Then, in the spring of 1915, the war took a turn in Russia's favor. The Turkish invasion of Transcaucasia was defeated, and the Russian invasion of Turkish Armenia began. A Russian army reached Van and relieved the Armenians beleaguered there; and a detachment thrust forward to Bashkala sent a formal invitation to the Assyrians to throw in their lot with the Allies. The invitation was boldly accepted; and the point that seems definitely to have turned the scale in favor of acceptance was the religious character that had been given to the war by the Turkish proclamation of *Jehad*.

Scarcely had they committed themselves, when the Russians withdrew again northward and left them to fight it out alone. A formidable accumulation of enemies was promptly mustered against them, and within five weeks of their decision the Assyrians were battling for their lives.

Mar Shimun had made two attempts to obtain further succor from the Russians during the five or six weeks' respite which succeeded the first attacks. And on the second occasion some reënforcement appears to have been sent, but it is not quite known at what period, while it is certain that it never arrived.

A party of some four hundred Cossacks was about this time pushed up from Urmi into Oramar. Sutu Agha, a Kurdish chief, received them most graciously, and sent two of his own sons with them to guide them on their further journey. But secretly he betrayed them into an ambush which he had prepared with the assistance of the Kurds of Shemsdinan, and in the deep Balanda gorge they were exterminated to the last man.

The second assault on the Assyrians was delivered in the middle of August; and this time the assailants had the formidable assistance of the Kurds of Barzan, who lay to the south of Tkhu-

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ma, and formed the connecting link between the coördinated assaults from Oramar on the east and Berwar on the west.

This second assault was successful. It was from the southern side that the Christian valleys were most assailable; and Tkhuma, Baz, Jilu, and Tyari were ravaged from end to end. The churches and houses were burned, the fields wasted, the trees cut down, the irrigation channels demolished; and the valleys were thus rendered practically uninhabitable for years.

It was in this devastation that the famous church of Mar Zeia in Jilu was plundered for the first time in its history — mauger that notable talisman that had always preserved it previously, the Charter of Protection granted to it (as believed) by Mohammed himself.

But though beaten out of their valleys, the Assyrians were not yet done with. They now took refuge on their *yailas* — the upland pastures on the laps of the mountains, ten thousand feet above sea level — whither they had always been accustomed to drive their flocks and herds in summer.

These strongholds are approachable only by a few precipitous pathways, and the Kurdish attempts to penetrate to them were everywhere easily repulsed.

But if the yailas were impregnable, there was yet one fatal defect in them. It is absolutely and utterly impossible for any creature to live there in winter. Autumn was already beginning; and, at these lofty altitudes, the first snows may fall as early as October. The Assyrians were virtually 'treed' — to use an expressive Americanism; and their enemies, as fully conscious of the defect in their position as they were, were content to form a leaguer around them, and wait till they should come down to be killed.

In this almost hopeless position, Mar Shimun determined on making one final appeal to the Russians. Accompanied by one of his principal chiefs, the *Malik* Khoshaba of Lizan, and by two other companions, he quitted the yaila of Shina at the head of the Tal and Tkhuma gorges, to make his way across the mountains and down to Urmi Plain. The whole intervening country was thickly beset with enemies; but, traveling mostly by night and with experienced guides, the little party succeeded in accomplishing the daring journey, and reached the Russian outposts near Salmas.

But only to meet disappointment. The local Russian commanders professed themselves utterly unable to render the least assistance, and could only offer the Patriarch the abjectly despairing counsel that, now he himself had escaped, he had better remain in safety, and not sacrifice his life uselessly by a vain attempt to return. Mar Shimun indignantly refused to rest even one night in safety, and turned back at once to the mountains to share his people's doom.

The outlook was now truly terrible, but the Assyrians were determined not to perish without one more struggle. They would attempt to break the leaguer and force their way down to Urmi Plain.

In the face of all military probability, this daring plan actually succeeded. If the Assyrians were but poorly disciplined, the Kurds who beleaguered them were no better. The pursuers who should have pressed on their tracks, as soon as they found that the yailas had been evacuated, stayed behind to quarrel over the division of such sheep as had been abandoned; and the isolated detachments that strove to check their progress were surprised by their sudden sally and easily brushed aside.

The Patriarch marched with the Tal

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column, and his march was marked by an incident as moving as it is picturesque. His route led him over a lofty mountain col near Julamerk, whence for the last time he was able to look down upon the little green alp that marked the site of his own village of Qudshanis; and, as he paused to gaze, one natural sigh escaped him: 'When shall I ever drink the waters of Qudshanis again?' The words were caught by as attentive ears as those of the three mighty men who followed the son of Jesse. Without a word to their chieftain, a small party of devoted warriors broke away from the line of march, burst through the Kurdish picket that attempted to bar the path against them, and brought back to their beloved Patriarch a pitcher of water from the Qudshanis spring.

The columns from Tal and Diz joined hands again at Kotranis, and the reunited nation reached Albaq according to plan.

It was not a beaten host that arrived — or, at all events, no more beaten than that untamable Serbian army which, just at this very same period, was being driven from its own country by the combined Austrians and Bulgars. They had held their own against great odds as long as resistance was possible; and, when forced to retreat under appalling difficulties, they had brought away with them not only their women and children, but a large proportion of their flocks and herds as well.

Their irruption over the border of Persia introduced an additional complication into a medley of anomalies which was already quite complicated enough. Persia was nominally neutral, but too weak to enforce her neutrality; and both combatants were still professedly respecting a neutrality which their every act ignored.

Now, for the first time, the Assyrians began to get adequately armed with modern rifles and ammunition from the Russian arsenals. And perhaps it deserves to be recorded that they took extremely kindly to bombing. Bombs made such noble detonations when used liberally in echoing ravines! Surma, the Patriarch's sister, as the only noncombatant who carried sufficient authority, was installed in charge of the ammunition depot; and, after living for months in a house crammed to the doors with high explosives, was amused to overhear a couple of her reckless tribesmen lamenting her pitiable 'nervousness,' because she had sternly prohibited their smoking when they came to fetch powder from the magazine. They now grew distinctly assiduous in the payment of a series of return calls upon their lately exulting Kurdish enemies.

Thus matters continued prosperous till the autumn of 1917, when the outlook again became fearfully overclouded by omens of Russian collapse. The munitions of war had never before been so plentiful as they were at this period in Eastern Asia Minor. The arsenals of England, France, and America had been pouring material into the country to equip the armies of Russia. But the men for whom it was intended had no longer spirit to use it.

It was now February 1918 — not yet quite the darkest hour upon the Western Front, but already very nearly so. And in the East the collapse of Russia had completely convinced all waverers that Germany and her allies had virtually won the war. The all-conquering Mackensen was rumored to be already on his way to assume the command at Mosul, and to besom the British out of Mesopotamia; and the Persian Ijlal el Mulk plucked up heart of grace, and issued a grandiose proclamation ordering the Assyrians to lay down their arms.

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Then abruptly the flash-point was reached. For some weeks an explosion had manifestly been growing inevitable, but what precisely caused it was never known. There was a sudden outbreak at Urmi — two days of sharp street-fighting — and the Moslems were crushed decisively, and the Assyrians remained masters of the town.

Foiled utterly in open warfare, the Persians turned at once to their more familiar trade of treachery; and Mukht-i-Shems, the official representative of his nation, a Persian nobleman with an English education, wrote plainly to Simco Agha to tell him that he might earn the gratitude of the Persian Government by the assassination of Mar Shimun. The Kurd took the hint promptly. He had already been growing uneasy at the conviction that after all he had espoused the losing side; and now he wrote to Mar Shimun, who by this time had returned to Salmas, requesting that he would meet him at a conference to discuss the new situation caused by the Russian debacle. The trap was cunningly baited. Such a conference seemed not merely desirable but imperative.

There were whispers that treachery was intended. An Armenian villager was told by a friendly Kurd: 'There is no danger for *your* folk'; and on this he at once sent off his son with a warning message, which was unhappily disregarded. As the party entered the house where the meeting was to be held, David pointed to a group of Kurds upon a neighboring roof, and asked 'what those fellows wanted.' But the Patriarch had seemingly determined that he must 'trust in all, or not at all.' 'They only want to get a good view, I suppose,' he answered, and passed in.

Simco received him most cordially. The ceremonial hospitality, which throughout the East is held to set the seal of inviolability upon the guest's person, was duly offered and accepted. The conference proceeded, and terminated without the least hint of disagreement; and Simco, with marked deference, conducted his guest to the door.

His turning back was the signal. There was a volley from the roof, and the Patriarch was shot dead. It was an almost literal repetition of the treachery perpetrated upon Simco's own brother by the Vali Ahd eight years before.

The almost incredulous fury with which the wild tribesmen learned the news of their beloved Patriarch's murder can, perhaps, be barely imagined by people less primitive than they. In the first gust of their rage they began a massacre of the Kurds in Urmi; but this was quickly arrested by the interposition of their chiefs. Polus, a younger brother, was chosen as the Patriarch's successor; and under David and Khoshaba a strong force mustered to avenge his death. With these two there marched a third leader. Among the many disreputable characters who 'made good' during war time, it can surely not be easy to find a parallel to Petros of Baz — that knavish exploiter of bogus Macedonian orphanages.

Simco's army was thoroughly routed and his castle at Chara captured; but he himself unhappily escaped, and has since been allowed, even by the allies of his victim, to reap all the profits of his crime. In his house was found the actual letter which he had received from Mukht-i-Shems prompting him to the Patriarch's murder. Can it be wondered that the wrath of the Assyrian burns yet more hotly against the Persian than it does against the Turk?

But the crushing of their false friend did not diminish the number of their enemies. The Christians were now threatened on all sides by Turks or

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Kurds and by Persians; and in Urmi they had to control a seething hostile community considerably more numerous than themselves. The British advance from Bagdad had still penetrated no higher than Tekrit, two hundred and fifty miles to the southward; and all hope of Russian help was gone. They were still well off for munitions; but the bulk of the lavish supplies which had been intended for the armament of Russia had fallen into the hands of their enemies; and the Turkish armies in Eastern Asia Minor were now equipped as no Turkish armies in that district had ever been equipped before.

There still remained, however, some scattered contingents of Armenians — unhappily divided against themselves by bitter internecine dissensions — and with one of these, led by a grim fighter named Andranik, who commanded a personal following of about five thousand, there was still some chance of effecting a junction. Petros got into communication with him, and a plan was concerted to this end.

Had the plan succeeded, it is probable, in the light of subsequent events, that the Assyrians would have been able to keep their hold upon Urmi until the Armistice. But the Turks held the interior lines and Ali Ihsan, their commander in this district, was unluckily a general of considerable capacity. He flung himself across Petros's path as he pressed northward and repulsed his attempt to break through.

Nevertheless the Assyrians still continued to present a bold front to their enemies; and for three months, under Petros's able leadership, they beat back in battle after battle all the attacks that were delivered against them both north and south of Urmi. They are said to have fought no fewer than fourteen actions in this time. In one of these, at Ushnu, they captured nearly three hundred and fifty Turkish regular soldiers, besides five machine-guns and two pieces of field artillery; and with almost unbelievable generosity these prisoners were released upon parole.

'But what of your Kurdish prisoners, Saypu?' we asked of a stalwart young warrior.

'We took no Kurdish prisoners, Rabbi,' replied Saypu grimly, 'after the death of Mar Shimun.'

The cruel mercies of Islam seemed now closing round the Assyrians. Their fighting force was steadily dwindling, and now their ammunition was running out. The end was almost in sight; but once more there came a gleam of hope just as the last hope seemed extinguished, and an aeroplane appeared over Urmi on July 8, 1918. It was saluted with a hot fusillade, for all, of course, deemed it Turkish. But presently it dawned upon someone that the tricolored circles were not a Turkish emblem, and it was wildly welcomed to earth. Captain Pennington of the Royal Air Force had flown from Miani in the south over one hundred and fifty miles of unknown and hostile country; and having escaped his friends' bullets was next nearly suffocated by their embraces, for all, of course, argued — Oriental-like — that their final relief was now assured.

Captain Pennington was no more than the far-advanced scout of a woefully weak flying-column, consisting of a machine-gun company and a squadron of the Fourteenth Hussars; and these had only penetrated as far as the village of Sain Kaleh, one hundred miles to the south. Yet he bore a message of hope. They had escorted thither a first installment of money, munitions, and officers; and if only the Assyrians could gain touch with them these supplies might enable them to hold out.

But how could touch be established? Urmi was now menaced by a force of

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two Turkish divisions — the Fifth from the north and the Sixth from the south — and by large irregular levies of Kurds and Persians as well. It was agreed that Petros, with the Urmi division of his army, should attempt to clear the way to Sain Kaleh; and that the Salmas division should hold on to Urmi till his return. It was once more a desperate chance; but the Assyrians had only preserved themselves hitherto by taking a whole series of desperate chances. Unhappily, on this occasion, they could only partly win through.

Panic seized upon that hapless city. Under the protection of the Assyrians it had become a sort of asylum of refuge for thousands of fugitives who had escaped from previous massacres; and now the whole Christian population — Assyrian and Armenian, men, women and children — determined instantly on flight. Harvest had just been gathered, so they had food available, and enough beasts and vehicles to improvise some kind of transport; and soon the whole mob was trailing southward in an agony of terror and despair.

That flight was a ghastly tragedy, comparable perhaps, while it lasted, only to that terrible trek of the Kalmuck Tatars, so graphically depicted by De Quincey.

The British were no longer at Sain Kaleh. Petros had been a week late at his rendezvous and they had strict orders not to linger in such a perilously advanced position. But happily they were not beyond recall, and with Petros's army to back them, they now hurried back to bring aid. That handful of well-armed and disciplined men fell like a thunderbolt into the midst of the disorderly hordes of the pursuers; and, ignorant of what force might be following, these scattered before them in dismay. There was one instance where seven men, equipped with a Lewis gun and led by Captains Savage and Scott-Ollson, dashed at a force of several hundred Kurds who were besetting a group of fugitives and drove them off in confusion — a feat that might have earned a Lay in the annals of the Round Table.

It took three days' sharp fighting to complete the rescue, for the fugitives only struggled in by driblets and the Kurds and Persians who clung to them were loath to relinquish their prey. But at last the Assyrians' purgatory was over. The column was re-formed at Sain Kaleh and proceeded by easier stages two hundred miles farther southward to Hamadan. They were blamed for plundering on this march; and undoubtedly they did plunder wholesale. But what wonder? They were utterly destitute and had surely every possible excuse for regarding Persia as an enemy country. And be it recorded to their honor that by the admission even of their enemies, and though the atrocities that their own women had suffered were still fresh in their memories, even now no Mussulman woman was insulted or maltreated by them.

Early in September they were transferred to the great refugee camp which had been prepared for their reception at Baquba on the Diala near Bagdad; and here they were established when Turkey sued for peace a few weeks later. Not less than two thirds of their nation must have perished in their four years' trial.

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THE APPALLING GIFT

BY MAURICE LEVEL

From *Le Matin, January 29*
(PARIS SENSATIONAL DAILY)

M. AND MME. JUTELIER recoiled in horror as they unpacked Aunt Sophie's gift. M. Jutelier was the first to recover his powers of speech, but it was only to enunciate in accents of despair, 'And to think that now we have to put that thing somewhere where she can see it!' Whereupon Mme. Jutelier, whose temperament led her to dare extreme measures, cried out, 'Never! I 'd rather have her cut us out of her will and be done with it.' But her husband shrugged his shoulders. 'Don't talk nonsense.'

Once again they stood in despairing silence while on the table in front of them the vase spread out its enormous lacquered paunch, decorated with flowers, with fruit, and with seashells. In the middle of these decorations, a coiled serpent darted out a long red tongue, and here and there the leaves of waterplants hung in festoons that were intended to be decorative. The base was blue and the inside was salmon pink. 'There is no doubt about it,' murmured M. Jutelier, 'that thing has no equal for ugliness.'

'It simply means,' said Mme. Jutelier, 'that our apartment is ruined.'

'Oh, la, la la!' groaned M. Jutelier, 'and it was all so nice and cosy.'

Giving free rein to his despair he cast his eyes about the room for some place to put the terrifying gift with results that would not be too disastrous. The mantelpiece — impossible. The table — less possible still. The buffet — the thought brought tears to his eyes. He suggested the salon, but Mme. Jutelier announced firmly, 'If that thing goes through the door of the salon, I go through the street door.'

'In the bedroom,' he ventured.

Mme. Jutelier turned pale with anger.

'Not in my room! Why not in your office?'

M. Jutelier explained that was the very last place one could think of. As an architect he was called upon to receive clients, who would flee from the mere presence of such an object. They passed all their rooms in review, and at the mention of each one Mme. Jutelier set up stubborn opposition. She had not been collecting the loveliest bibelots and weeding out everything that was not in perfect taste, for all these years, in order to have this monstrosity thrust in among her treasures. And then suddenly M. Jutelier smote his forehead.

'How many times a year does Aunt Sophie come to visit us? Twice, or say three times. In the winter she does not go out because of her rheumatism, and from July to October she is in the country. Being a personage above the common station, and expecting to be received with the ceremonies due her, she always announces her visits in advance. All we have to do is to put this horror in the attic and bring it down when we hear she is coming. That way we can arrange everything, and later on, at the very last, when the poor old lady is dead, why then, if we have a country house,

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it will do to put in the guest chamber.'

'To give our guests the nightmare? No, sir, when that time comes we'll smash it.'

'All right then; smash it if you want to' — and having made mutual concessions they embraced each other.

Next Sunday Aunt Sophie arrived. They had carefully put chairs on each landing so that the dear lady could rest on her way up, and they had set the vase on the table so that her eye would fall on it the very first thing. But being a discreet old soul, she pretended not to see it at once, and her niece had to remark, with an ecstatic smile, 'Do you think your vase is in the right place?'

'Yes,' murmured Aunt Sophie, 'but I think I should have preferred the mantelpiece. Then you can see it a second time in the mirror.'

'Your aunt is right,' said Mme. Jutelier to her husband, 'and if we put a green plant in it — '

'Well, do as you want to,' said Aunt Sophie, 'but for my part I 'd rather see a little moss with artificial roses stuck in it. They look so pretty if you use all the colors. I'll send you some. I have a lot.'

The household burst into a chorus of thanks, and Aunt Sophie departed, charmed.

'Well,' said M. Jutelier when they were alone again, 'everything went off very well, and we are all right for the moment. You will see; everything will arrange itself.'

They put the vase out of sight, and life went on as usual. About Easter time Aunt Sophie came back. This time she brought the promised flowers, and this was the occasion of an affectionate and delightful discussion. Ought the artificial roses to be arranged according to color or according to size? Aunt Sophie's opinion prevailed, and with her own hands she erected a hanging garden of the most ravishing description.

Summer came and brought vacation. Autumn came and brought rheumatism. As New Year's Day approached the household trembled before a new fear. Suppose Aunt Sophie took it into her head to make them another New Year's gift! She did not have this idea, however, but another one, a hundred times more dreadful. One day she called without sending word ahead; but fortunately Mme. Jutelier had seen her getting out of the taxi, and had just time to climb to the sixth story and bring down the object of art.

This alarm served its purpose. Since such an incident might occur again, they practised the manœuvre until it was all carefully worked out. As soon as a new maid was engaged, before they showed her in which closet Monsieur kept his coats, or where Madame kept her hats, they showed her, the very first thing, where the vase belonged, and told her how if by any chance a fat lady — dressed in black, wearing a capote, and carrying an umbrella no matter what the weather — should arrive when they were away, she must first of all lock the door of the dining-room and not open it on any pretext whatever until she had put the vase on the mantelpiece.

And yet this did not keep Madame Jutelier from saying to Aunt Sophie every time she called, 'Come and see us oftener, my dear aunt; you are neglecting us.'

On the third Monday in February, after her usual custom, Aunt Sophie wrote a letter to announce her coming. As soon as they received it, everybody got ready to greet her. Madame Jutelier said to her maid after lunch, 'Josephine, go to the sixth story, get the vase, dust it, and bring it down here.'

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She was just getting its place ready on the mantelpiece when a terrible crash made her leap up and rush out to the landing, with her heart in her mouth and a terrible foreboding in her soul.

The misfortune exceeded the worst that she could imagine. Hanging over the banister, with round eyes, Josephine was staring down upon the shattered fragments of the vase. It had been smashed so small that the whole stairway was powdered with it. At his wife's shriek of dismay, M. Jutelier came running. For a moment he was too stupefied to speak, and then he had the most absurd ideas.

'Why don't you send a telegram to say you 're very sick?'

'But Aunt Sophie is already on the way!'

'Suppose I try to find another vase like it?'

'In an hour?'

They waited, overwhelmed. At three o'clock Aunt Sophie came. Immediately the pallor of her young relatives struck her.

'What is wrong, my children? You look out of sorts.'

'Henri will explain,' sobbed Mme. Jutelier. And Henri explained. 'A misfortune, a great misfortune. The beautiful vase that you gave us, the vase we loved so much — all broken! That miserable maid of ours. We told her never to dust it with a feather duster, and she knocked it off on the floor this very morning.'

He burst into tears, which were almost genuine. Aunt Sophie drew herself up and murmured, 'That is certainly too bad. That is certainly too bad.'

'Oh,' groaned her niece, 'I shall never feel the same again.'

'You must never utter such words except over human beings,' said her aunt with a certain dryness.

'And yet — oh aunt, aunt, you do not know — you can't know how much we liked it. It was so pretty, and then, besides, it came from you.'

Aunt Sophie had not yet accepted the armchair that her nephew was delicately pushing up behind her. Madame Jutelier waited for a gesture, for a word, but Aunt Sophie crossed her cloak over her breast and started toward the door. M. and Mme. Jutelier held out suppliant arms toward her. She paused and lifted her finger: 'Never mind. I know where to find one just like it, and I will go there right away. Only this time you must do what I do with my own valuable things. You must have it cemented fast to the mantelpiece. All you have to do is to hunt up my workman. In fact, it will be simpler if I send him to you myself.'

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THE LAST TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY

[*Professor Saintsbury, veteran of English criticism and Emeritus Professor of English Literature in Edinburgh University, contributes this essay to the twenty-first anniversary number of the* Times Literary Supplement, *which has long since become the leading journal dealing solely with literary criticism, in Great Britain.*]

From the *Times Literary Supplement, January* 4
(Critical Weekly Edition of London 'Times')

At the coming of age, in year if not day, of the *Times Literary Supplement*, I have been asked to say something about the progress of English literature during the period. The attainment of majority for such a periodical is by itself something; for when I myself joined the Press, more than double the time ago, it was one of the axioms of the old stagers in it that no merely literary paper *could* last more than a few years. But this is not the side of the matter which has to be dwelt on here. It is the other side — the side in the other sense of 'the matter' — with which this Supplement has been concerned.

It started almost level with 'Number Twenty' itself, and while discussions and vaticinations about the child's future, and the exact inheritance which had been left to it, were still rife. It is, of course, clear that there is no logical reason for anticipating special revolutions or developments at the end of one century and the beginning of another, while there is no historical confirmation whatever of any such expectancy. 1400 certainly saw a sunset with a pretty dark night following, starred but sparsely and hardly ever brilliantly. Anyone who saw sunrise at 1500 must have had very long sight. 1600 saw neither set nor rise, but the noon of the brightest and longest day ever known in our letters; 1700 a sort of not quite midday of sober, fair weather. At 1800, without undue pessimism, people except the few who could appreciate *Lyrical Ballads* might shrug their shoulders over a dawn which was in a very short time to usher another heyday. Out of such things no average was possible, even if it had been reasonable to attempt one.

There is, however, no doubt that as 1900 approached people's minds were, reasonably or unreasonably, disturbed about the matter. I remember, at one of the complimentary dinners with which the hospitable North welcomed me when I was appointed to the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh in 1895, very gloomy comments and vaticinations in some of the speeches. I ventured, in replying, to point out that in 1795 the actual and recent production of masterpieces or approaches to a masterpiece was hardly cheering, yet that Keats and Carlyle were born in the very year, and the *Lyrical Ballads* were only three years off. There never was a wind that bloweth so much as it listeth as the wind of the spirit.

Undoubtedly, with one or two brilliant exceptions, — I am taking the liberty to name no living persons

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in this little notice, — the recent relays for the great torch-race had not been and were not for some time to be very encouraging. Hitherto each quarter, taken loosely, of the century had increased the treasure — as the man in the *Republic* says — in the most unmistakable manner. The first had given the poets from Wordsworth to Keats and the prose men from Scott to Macauley; the second 'those about' Tennyson and Browning, Thackeray and Dickens; the third a 'crowd' — modern slang for once giving us a very convenient appellation — of undoubted producers of literature of the highest class, two or three of whom even yet survive. But with the other exceptions already referred to, the closing years, and even decades, of the century had been by no means so fecund in

> Poets like Shakespeare,
> Beautiful souls,

and the other constituents of that sarcastic stanza of Mr. Arnold's — save perhaps in the opinions of the beautiful souls themselves.

We have all heard of the 'naughty nineties': there has perhaps been quite enough reproof and vindication of the decade and its preface of the later eighties from that point of view. But it was, I think, pretty clear to fairly critical eyes, and it ought to have become clearer still as those eyes profited more and more by what Dryden calls, in one of those bronze phrases of his,

> The firm perspective of the past,

that any 'naughtiness' there may have been gave not at all the substance of the doubt that might fairly be entertained about that period, but was only one of its accidents. When the historian of English literature in the twentieth century writes his due chapter of antecedents, the fault which he will most probably find with this part of our time is — and certainly it is a *maxima culpa* — the fault of Pose.

Now pose has always been a sort of measles of literature, affecting youth chiefly though by no means only; and like all diseases it sometimes becomes epidemic and malignant at particular periods. But I cannot remember in experience or in history any time at which it was more prevalent or multiform than in the last ten or fifteen years of the nineteenth century. During the earlier time of that century it had, except in the curious subgroup of which Beddoes, Darley, Wade and a few more were poetical members for the first division, and the 'Spasmodics' for the second, chiefly confined itself to the mildest of all its forms — imitation of great ones: Byron, Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, and latterly Swinburne were all thus wrongly worshiped.

But Swinburnian *pastiche*, as a busy reviewer of those days can testify, did not really go very far. Parodies, of course, were innumerable, but there is no pose in them. The most delightful serious example — dear for nearly half a century —

> Where the cocoa and cactus are neighbors,
> Where the fig and the fir tree are one —

is American, not English.

Moreover, as must be obvious, pose of imitation, though exceedingly boring, is not exactly mischievous. Pose of revolt, unless it is actuated and directed by positive genius, can be mischievous also — and indeed can combine the two characteristics in a very deadly manner. The poses which grew up under the *fin de siècle* impetus — who was it, by the way, who first thought of that calamitous expression? — made a 'party in a parlor' which, though the very opposite of 'silent,' too frequently seemed to put in candidature for being 'damned.' There was the pose of naughtiness already

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referred to; the pose of violence; the pose of paradox; the pose of neo-Bohemianism; the pose of platitude inverted; the pose of distorted form; the pose of attempted mixture of science and literature; the pose of cosmopolitanism; divers minor and more or less individual poses of imitation of things and persons that had not been considered worthy of imitation, and poses of denigration of persons and of things that had been so considered.

But though the particular attitudes of the particular pose might vary, the general characteristic, apart from the fortunate exceptions already excepted, undoubtedly *was* pose. Perhaps, indeed, after an unusually intense and long-continued activity of literature, one of two things is pretty certain. There will either be an acquiescence in comparative mediocrity, such as that which followed the period from Spenser to Milton, or some kind of struggle for *tours de force* to hide the diminished supply of force itself.

It was the obvious duty of the twentieth century — to apply a slightly mixed and also slightly vulgar but vigorous and relevant metaphor — to 'get its pose off its stomach.' Nor were the conditions, albeit not very cheerful at the moment, wholly discouraging. There is something characteristic, not entirely, though it may be partly, ridiculous, in the remark of the younger of those two Latin tragedians whose work unfortunately we have in barest fragments: 'I thought it best to have something in my genius for time and age to mitigate,' said Accius to Pacuvius. And these persons certainly provided that 'something' bountifully.

It is perhaps scarcely taking too much upon oneself or one's own craft for a critic to say that at such a time criticism has her work specially cut out for her. Not criticism of the foolish old *Judex-damnatur-cum-nocens-absolvitur* kind: for it is at least doubtful whether such criticism ever did any good at all, and in the particular state of things just described it was almost certain to do harm. The people who did not pose and did not admire posing did not want such criticism; and the posers and their admirers would merely take it as proof that they had 'shocked the bourgeois,' which was just what they wanted to do. The ironical or *persifleur* critical mode was more suitable — in fact, had admirable opportunities and was sometimes absolutely necessary; but this kind has its dangers.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to do well; it is peculiarly apt to go off through the touchhole when it is done badly; and it is quite certain that a very large number of people do not really enjoy it — are more or less puzzled by it, and sometimes find the puzzlement passing into positive dislike. Yet nothing — except the mere passage of time, which in its own peculiar way heals all things if only by destroying some — could do so much in the way of 'mitigation' (the Romans were not a humorous folk, or young Accius might have used the word as Swift or Thackeray would) as criticism. It would have, of course, to be criticism varied in kind, even the Judex *v.* Nocentem sort being, on very rare occasions, perhaps allowable; while the kind of persiflage is much more often so.

But criticism in general — the faithful and fairly lively representation of what the work really does look like to a tolerably healthy, intelligent, and well-trained mind other than the author's — could hardly have better scope than at such a time; there being, of course, besides the exceptional torchbearers always to be kept in

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mind, plenty of sound honest stuff produced besides the pose-work to supply the mill with better grist. To this, in such a retrospect as the present, it will be better to turn attention.

The general plea that one sees advanced for literature, as for other things, in the first quarter of the twentieth century is, I believe, that it has accomplished nearly, if not quite, as great a liberation from convention as the corresponding period of the nineteenth did; the subsequent periods of the nineteenth itself having reëstablished the tyranny of this odious thing in a degree equal to if not worse than that which it previously enjoyed. Those who have attained unto the Higher Scepticism may, indeed, ask if there is anything at all special in this: if it is not merely the operation of the eternal flux and reflux in a particular department of life or the functions of life. And unamiable individuals may go on to ask whether a convention of revolt is less conventional than one of imitative obedience — whether, indeed, convention and unconvention are not really the same thing.

But these questions, though not irrelevant, are somewhat extraneous to the present one. That question, by itself and stripped of all previous and dependent questions, 'What has been the general character of these twenty years and more of English literature?' is quite enough for anyone to answer at one time, and may even seem more than enough to anyone who is acquainted with literary history at large. That firm perspective of the past whereof we spoke before is hardly available yet. But at least one can say that the rather yeasty state of literature which was so prominent thirty and even twenty years ago has to a great extent, though by no means entirely, worked or fermented itself out.

What the quality of the matured vintage of this 'twenty' will be as a century one can hardly say yet. The literatures of centuries, as they take longer to come into existence, so they take much longer to be appreciated than the gifts of Bacchus. But some of us may take a good omen from the fact that, while the wines, or some of them, of 1820 were among the very best of their century, those of 1920 already seem not unfit to challenge a similar position.

In poetry, oldest and greatest of all forms of letters, I do not understand that the most sanguine eulogist and herald of youth claims — unless 'the sun is in his eyes' — any absolute and proved mastership as yet attained by anyone who did not publish before 1900. I use, of course, mastership not in the sense in which one speaks of proficients of more or less excellence, but in that in which one speaks of Shakespeare or Shelley. On the other hand, there is claimed, perhaps with justice, a very much greater amount of proof of the above-mentioned proficiency itself. We certainly have poetry now from poets compared to whose work the earliest work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Shelley and Tennyson is rubbish, though it does not follow that any of them will produce something better than 'Tintern Abbey' or the 'Ancient Mariner,' than 'Alastor' or the 'Lotus-Eaters.'

But undoubtedly the main feature of the period has been the abundant adventure in what is called 'free verse.' I do not much admire the term, for I cannot acknowledge any 'slavery' in metre or in rhyme. But one may admit — if it were of any importance I myself have very elaborately admitted — that irregular rhythm, destitute of the atmosphere which rhyme supplies and the *contour* given by metre, may be beautiful, admitting this for the simple

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reason that it has been so in the past. Yet it may be doubted whether the conditions of this form or forms have as yet been sufficiently elaborated. It is quite clear that this kind of freedom is certain to indulge itself in mere anarchy at first.

As to what some people seem still to think and do more than seem to say — that metre and rhyme will be superseded — one may be rash enough to pronounce this impossible, because both answer to persistent physical demands for the outline and the atmosphere above referred to. But there undoubtedly is room for ametric and unrhymed but symphonically rhythmed verse, and for hybrid kinds between this and other forms in which these two decades have experimented already and which they may perfect further.

Poetry, however, is a matter the history of which is always a history of miracles; and miracles are things better dealt with in the past than in the present or in the future. Prose fiction is less 'kittle' to deal with, and the present writer happens to be in a rather exceptionally competent position to deal with it. For he happened to begin reviewing novels — with a pretty fair knowledge of what they had been before — in large numbers just when their palmy time, from the late forties to the early seventies of the last century, was ceasing, and ceasing rather hurriedly. 'The old three-decker' was a delightful institution; it deserved its delightful funeral hymn. It had a glorious history. But like other glorious three-deckers it was subject to dry-rot, and the dry-rot had set in pretty unmistakably. To come still closer to facts and change the metaphor, in the language of the same poet, you might say of the average novel bridge-builder of that day,

> Each bridge that he makes either buckles or breaks

at the second volume. Immoral reviewers, I believe, never read their second volumes at all; moral ones, I know, sighed and groaned — not to say lost their tempers — over them. Some even wished that it might be the custom to print them in blank or 'dummy'; for in that case there would have been no trouble of reading, and the volumes would have made most useful notebooks.

On the other hand, those more-than-three-deckers or Santissimas Trinidades, the novels in parts, though they could be as great in quality as they were in bulk, were rather intolerable when they were only great in the latter and encouraged certain vices of their own — forgetfulness or even complete absence of plot, inconsistency of character, and the like. And when the individual strength of the novel-producers began to die off, as it did about the time mentioned, things became rather doleful, and the Mr. Toobads of the time used to tell us that the novel had had its day and would soon cease to be.

But few things, if any, that have been cease to be; they only undergo changes. That the change of the three volumes into one more or less coincided with the appearance of a new blossoming of romance in the hands of Stevenson, who is dead, and some others who are happily alive, is worth noting, of course, though the connection was certainly not causal. The at-last-achieved popularity, after long neglect, of George Meredith probably had a little more to do with the contemporary growth of the 'problem' or 'analytical' novel. At any rate, both kinds took to the six shilling — war-made seven-and-six — standard very kindly.

Whether here again, with the few exceptions already several times glanced at, the *sommités* have been as lofty and as numerous as between 1845 and

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1870, we need not inquire. And it is, of course, easier in more respects than those of time and trouble to write one volume than it is to write three, even if the print is something smaller and the pages more crowded in the single one.

Perhaps the average novel — even the better-than-average — is less rereadable than it was sixty or seventy years ago; but the average, and even the less-than-average, is, probably not merely because of its shortness, more readable once. It is a drawback, no doubt, that it is as a rule so anxiously and almost tremblingly modern; and this modernity threatens it with something like the fate of the novel of the Regency, which even the present writer finds it difficult to read now, though he can read those of most other times, from Xenophon's to Marcel Proust's. And it may be urged by the Devil's advocate that something of this readableness is due to mere craftsmanship — that thing so different from artistry, though very well in its way.

But this very confinement to things actual or supposed to be actual, with the increased attention to some kind of technique, has its negative advantages. One may get rather tired of the bachelor-girl in the flat and the amateur detective who, with an assistant something like the old 'zany' of the traveling quack, 'makes a hare' of Scotland Yard; but they are better than the Cambridge undergraduate who in a novel, I think of the seventies, 'had a few holidays because of the death of the Greek Professor.'

In respect of some at least of the more ambitious and successful representatives of the twentieth century (first quarter) novel, it will be exceedingly interesting to critics of the future to see how they *stand*. For most of them, I believe, have been written much more in accordance with a definite scheme, in intention always, and no doubt in result not seldom. This 'scheme' is not — again as I understand it — identical with the old 'plot,' though that old plot sometimes, as in the case of *Tom Jones*, comes near it, whether from above or below does not here matter in the least for our present purpose.

It is pretty certain that the best stories of the past have not as a rule been constructed in such a fashion. But then the best stories of the past have as a rule been so constructed that you care very little, or not at all, what plan, scheme, purpose, or anything of that kind the author had before him. 'Never mind your significance, old man!' our reckless forefathers and some of their unblushing descendants have said and still say. 'Give us story! Give us character! Give us, if you can, conversation vividly true to nature, not of our time only, and, in moderation, description ditto. Go on as long as you can hold us; or stop as soon as you know you are likely to let us slip.'

This requirement may be deplorably apolaustic, may even, as things apolaustic will so often, sink to the verge of immorality. But it is a requirement that the human race has apparently been making from the time of the *Odyssey*, which is probably the first 'best story' of the Western World at least, whatever the reader may think choicest of the times before 'significance.' One may doubt *in petto* whether the human race at large does not make it still. But only the Future can safely judge the Past, and even the Future had better be careful.

As regards branches of literature which have always approached nearer to the scientific than fiction in verse or prose — history, philosophy, and miscellaneous kinds — the past quarter of a century will no doubt hold its own, subject to the doom which, except in the rarest cases and by virtue of purely

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literary excellence, awaits these mixed kinds. To those who really appreciate this excellence, time does not matter in the least. Ancient and modern are all the same. For the *vis formæ* is not only *superba* but *eterna*. When the force is only in the matter it may not exactly lose all its power, but certainly finds that power what the financial people call 'a wasting asset.'

At a library committee once a good-natured representative of science gibed a colleague who had taken under his wing a new edition of a thirteenth-century text, 'What's the good of that?' 'Well,' said the other, 'it may be much good or little; but such as it is it will keep its goodness for another half-dozen centuries, while you'll be discarding as out of date the parcel you have got before you possibly next session, and certainly before half a dozen years are over.' And the man of science, being a good-natured man, acknowledged the hit.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, in spite of some efforts to separate history from literature, and in spite also of a mighty superfluity of biography, you might fill not bad bookshelves or even cases in this sort from the period. And although the war — that terribly magnified and intensified as well as veracious thunderstorm of Caleb Balderstone — interfered with many things, the two decades have seen fair continuance of the apparently humble but really invaluable task of recovering and making accessible the treasures of the past — a task which was so long neglected in England, and which the nineteenth century was almost the first to take seriously.

Lastly, let us come — perhaps I should say come back — to that most abused but hardy branch of letters, criticism. Parasite in both senses, plague, disgrace, discipline again in more senses than one, tonic or whatever else it may be called or thought, it is not, perhaps, too sanguine or too flattering to see in it symptoms at the present time, with allowance for things to be allowed for, healthy rather than otherwise — healthier pretty certainly than they were five-and-twenty or twenty years ago. Foolish denigration of things past, foolish exaltation of things present, foolish expectation of things future are with us still; and the last named — least distasteful, though perhaps most pity-worthy, of the three — has again been encouraged by that omnipresent reagent 'The War' and the consequent hope of a new world.

There is not a new world, there will not be a new world, there never has been a new world — at least in the sense of sudden and immediate novelty. At the bottom perhaps things never change at all. People are always thinking that things are very nice and finding that they have to pay for them; blaming other people for their own acts; quarreling with their brothers; finding the daughters of men fair; feeling quite sure that the deluge will not come; and so on and so on and so on. But even the apparent and, so far as they go, real changes never take a very short time, in literature as elsewhere. And the great increase in careful study of past literature, as well as the active experiment in new production, which has for some time characterized our days, can hardly fail to tell for good.

It is true that great mistakes have been and are being made — mistakes which directly affect this good and hamper it or turn it to bad. But these mistakes are mostly due to political interference and not to purely literary agencies. And some hold that there are signs already of the disastrous ebb of really humanistic culture — the worst thing of all — turning, however slowly, to something like flood.

But, as has been more than once

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hinted, and perhaps even more than hinted, in this brief survey, there never was such a John Barleycorn — name of good omen and good record! — as literature. You may do the most dreadful things to it; it may look as if it had ceased to exist, and it will surprise and delight you by getting up and waving in the wind as merrily as ever. Only being, in one way if not in all, more spiritual, it will give the surprise and delight at much less regular intervals, and in even greater variation of quantity and quality of crop. Diagnostics as well as prognostics respecting it had need to be mainly Pantagrueline in order to be safe; and the only abiding motto is *Sursum corda*.

THE SAINT, THE COW, AND THE WIZARD

BY M. DIGBY

From the *Manchester Guardian, February* 6
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

SOME time ago near a remote part of the coast of Wales there lived a wizard who had been formerly of great power and had enjoyed the horrified respect of all his neighbors both far and near. But at the time with which this story deals he had reached a stage of malicious senility, and was wont to use his gifts at random and for the gratification of his own childish and unpleasant whims.

In the course of a few months he collected round him a great variety of beasts, birds, and insects. Some of them, such as asses, fighting cocks, boars, and cats, were native to the country which he afflicted with his presence, while others, such as peacocks, lions, and porcupines, he imported from remote regions by the most strenuous exercise of his supernatural powers. All these creatures he turned loose in a wide grassy field that swelled up behind his house in the direction of the higher mountains.

This in itself might not have roused the neighborhood to more than a very mild protest; for the possession of a wizard by any district is in itself a gratifying circumstance, and one learns to bear its compensating discomforts with fortitude. But the wizard, not content with what he had accomplished already, was forever tinkering at his new acquisitions with one or other of his magic devices. More especially he devoted himself to an alteration in their stature and bulk, so that the lions became of the size of poodles but exceedingly venomous, and the chickens — which were in the yellow-down stage, when the wings first begin to sprout — became two or three feet in height, and chased dogs and ate cabbages whole whenever occasion offered. But perhaps the worst example of the wizard's misdirected energies was the flea, which he had caused to be considerably larger than a sheep, and which would cover many yards at a single bound and would attack the lions and the chickens with equal impunity.

Even this the locality might have borne in silence had the unclean crea-

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tures only consented to stay within bounds; albeit the path running through the field, which was moreover a right of way, was rendered by their presence so dangerous as to be impassable save by the boldest, and they in considerable companies. But the creatures had no intention of remaining within the field while there were worlds to conquer outside. Moreover, it is very likely that they were hungry. They set out upon a series of raids and upon a guerilla invasion of the countryside, and everywhere they went they created a terror that almost put all resistance out of the question.

However, when this state of things had lasted for a week or two the chief men of the villages took hatchets, billhooks, and other weapons of offense, and met together to devise a course of action. And first they sent a deputation to the wizard to represent to him how grievously they were afflicted, to recall to him the matter of the right-of-way, and to relate the various attacks, kidnappings, and devourings-intact of which the creatures had been guilty.

But the wizard, who was standing outside in his field, only wagged his finger playfully at the deputation, and went off into prolonged, senile giggles at the antics of the chickens, who were fighting over the body of a boa-constrictor in the seaward corner of the field. So the deputation, after fidgeting about for some time, keeping a wary eye on the lions and the porcupines who seemed to be taking an undue interest in their presence, retired discomfited to their homes.

After that, discussion in the villages became even more animated than before, and it was at length decided to appeal to a higher authority. A fresh deputation was formed, who, arming themselves with presents of eggs, goats' cheese, and clover, set out to interview a certain saint who lived on the island immediately opposite the wizard's house. The deputation went in three coracles, and during that part of their journey which lay overland they took turns at carrying the coracles on their backs, while those who were not so engaged carried the presents.

They reached the island about midday, and began to climb the hill to the oratory. On the way they met the saint's cow, who stopped cropping the scanty grass and regarded them with a mild and compelling glance. They advanced toward her, holding out handfuls of green and succulent clover. But the cow was a person far above vulgar bribes, and she merely blew a strong breath out of her nostrils so that the deputation was disconcerted, and went on somewhat crestfallen to where the white gable of the oratory showed against the deep and astonishing blue of the sea. The cow walked behind them.

The door of the oratory was open, but a hurdle was drawn across it to prevent any of the beasts of the island, who loved the saint, from wandering in and distracting him while he was at work. Sitting back to the door and facing a window that looked on to the sea, sat the saint himself, illuminating a manuscript. He was intent upon serpents of emerald and azure with golden spines that twisted and knotted about a letter 'M' which was itself of pure gold.

The deputation coughed anxiously in the doorway; but they felt the cow watching them jealously, and as they knew she considered it to be her mission to keep an eye on those who sought to disturb her master and to deflect such persons from their evil intentions they dared approach no nearer. One of them indeed was so unnerved by the steady observation of the cow that he let fall an egg, which smashed explosively on the floor.

At that the saint turned, rose, and

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mildly inquired their business. The deputation forthwith offered him the presents and related the cause of their application.

The saint waved the presents aside, but he lent an attentive ear to their tale, and promised his immediate assistance. The deputation were overjoyed, and offered to tow him to the mainland in their largest coracle. But the saint despised all ordinary means of transit, and, dismissing the deputation and casting one regretful look at the letter 'M' only half-finished on the open page, he launched the hurdle on the sea, seated himself upon it, and sailed gently across to the mainland, the cow swimming after him at a little distance.

When he arrived at the field he found the wizard still laughing foolishly, his fingers twisted together behind him, his shabby robes fluttering in the wind, and his long gray beard pointing to the clouds. But when the saint saw that the wizard was old, foolish, and obviously incompetent, he disdained so easy a miracle, and turning his back on the creatures in the field he stroked the cow twice on each side of her neck. Then the cow blew two strong breaths out of her nostrils, and all the creatures were transformed into furze bushes, with their fur and feathers and spines and scales turned into dark-green prickles and their two, four, or six legs all firmly rooted in the turf of the field, where they may be seen to this day.

Then the people were greatly rejoiced, and they lit bonfires, and feasted for three nights in succession. As for the wizard, he laughed more foolishly than ever at the transformation; but the saint went back with his cow to the island, and finished the illumination of the letter 'M.'

THERE IS A MAGIC

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*New Witness*]

THERE is a magic none can ever take,
Not even a woman's soft, proud, puissant hands,
From a man's heart; all the sweet passionate ache
Of loveliness about him — the long lands
Lit by gold moons, and bright uneasy seas;
Winds, falling rain, and many a faëry road;
The many sounds of music — there are these
To keep. And he shall store that shining load
Against the sad perchance of desperate days
In his heart's crimson garners, and shall be
At his dark hour exultant in the praise
Of beauty and her radiant bravery.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

HANSOM CABBIES

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

When I was a lad there were hansoms in London,
With drivers on top of a little back stair
And horses that ran under silver-tipt harness
Or stood by the kerbstone awaiting a fare,
And tossed in the air
Their nose-bags of corn for the sparrows to share.

And sometimes in Spring when the nose-bags were leaking,
And sparrows were loud amid loot of spilt corn,
Old cabby reached over the slender Park railings
And stole a rosette of the double red thorn
His mare to adorn,
With 'Fares may be few, but we won't be forlorn.'

The spokes they were pointed with red and with yellow;
The brass was like gold where the reins threaded through;
There was sometimes a crest on the old leather blinkers,
A crown on the horse-cloth of crimson and blue
That said, 'It's for you
We're waiting, my Lord, and a crown is our due.'

Now where are they gone to, the weather-worn cabbies
That drove us alertly through all the dense shoals
That filled the strait Fleet from St. Paul's to St. Martin's,
Or over the bridge, where big Benjamin tolls?
Oh! somewhere their souls
Still murmur, 'Where to, sir?' through the peepholes.

Elysian fields show them pasturing fillies
Sure-footed and shapely — just built for a yoke;
They comb their silk manes and they wheedle and drive them
Down roads without mud where the fogs never choke
And rain's a rare joke
To cheerful night-watchmen with cressets of coke.

The fares that they find there are born in the purple;
Their talk is of Dizzy and Toole and Bend Or;
Their manners are suave and their tips are all golden;
They dwell between Mayfair and Kensington Gore;
And flunkeys galore
Poll-powdered, receive them at Paradise door.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DICKENS AND SHERIDAN

ORIGINALITY and Charles Dickens can hardly be separated in the minds of the great novelist's admirers, but a correspondent of the London *Times* has contrived nevertheless to point out almost innumerable examples of his indebtedness to other writers, and particularly to Sheridan. The parallelisms are apparently due to that bane of every creative writer — unconscious memory, which leads a man to set down as his own, in perfectly good faith, phrases, even whole sentences, sometimes paragraphs, which his mind has so thoroughly absorbed that they seem like his own.

Sam Weller's famous story of the man who was so very fond of crumpets that he killed himself after a surfeit of them, is not original with Dickens, though Dickens himself probably thought it was, and the humorous setting which he gave it is entirely his work. But its germ at least is to be found in a passage from Boswell's *Life of Johnson:* 'Mr.——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he eat three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion.'

References to Shakespeare are found in all Dickens's books, but these are usually straightforward quotations or deliberate misquotations, and imply no particular indebtedness. Julia Mills quotes Shakespeare in her diary; so do Steerforth, Mr. Micawber, and Cousin Feenix in their talk. One of Dickens's characters munches like the sailor's wife in *Macbeth*, and even Montague Tigg directs a Shakespearean misquotation at Mr. Pecksniff.

Dickens's chief indebtedness, however, is unquestionably to Sheridan — at least more and closer parallels with Sheridan have been discovered than with any other writer. There is little direct evidence to show that Dickens had any special acquaintance with Sheridan's work, but the array of parallels is in itself so convincing as to leave little doubt about the indebtedness. True, he makes only one explicit reference to the dramatist from whom he borrowed so freely — in a letter to Miss Mary Boyle, dated January 16, 1854, but Dickens was a great lover of the theatre at a time when Sheridan's plays were still frequently performed. A theatregoer of the time simply could not remain unacquainted with *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and the rest.

The parallels are mainly due to Dickens's chance recollection of snatches of the plays. Fag, the comic servant of Captain Absolute in *The Rivals*, says to his master, 'But I was sly, Sir — devilish sly'; and in the tenth chapter of *Dombey and Son* these words are assigned to Major Bagstock: 'All the way home to his own hotel the Major incessantly said to himself and of himself, "Sly, Sir, sly, Sir — de-vi-lish sly." Later in *The Rivals*, Captain Absolute, professing himself willing to accept the bride of his father's choice, suggests certain desirable qualities in the young lady — 'and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish,' etc. In *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chap-

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ter four) Mr. Squeers is thus described: 'He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two.'

Mrs. Malaprop's exclamation after hearing of the impending duel, 'Why murder's the matter! Slaughter's the matter! Killing's the matter!' finds an echo in *David Copperfield* — 'Villainy is the matter; baseness is the matter; deception, fraud, conspiracy are the matter.'

The duel in *The Rivals* presents points of similarity to Mr. Winkle's equally desperate encounter at Rochester, Sir Lucius O'Trigger and the anonymous 'Man with the camp stool' occupying much the same positions. 'You have certainly challenged somebody,' says Sir Lucius to Bob Acres, 'and you came here to fight him. Now if that gentleman is willing to represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it is n't the same thing.' Which is very like the opinion of the 'Man with the camp stool': 'The only question is whether the gentleman, being on the ground, must not be considered, as a matter of form, to be the individual who insulted our friend Dr. Slammer, whether he is really that gentleman or not.'

To return to *Dombey and Son* — Mr. Feeder, B. A., having looked too long on the custard cups of negus at Dr. Blimber's breaking-up party, whispers to Miss Blimber: —

> 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure You!'

— a quotation from Sheridan's comic opera, *The Duenna*.

Mrs. Nickleby appears to have some relationship to Mrs. Malaprop; the pompous Justice Credulous in *The Scheming Lieutenant* may be the prototype of Mr. Nupkins of Ipswich, and Mr. Gregsbury's abuse of 'those rascally papers' in *Nicholas Nickleby* reads like a far-off echo of the more emphatic expressions of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*. Dickens — there's no more doubting it — had as tricky an unconscious memory as any of those Elizabethan writers who were forever weaving their friends' best lines into their own work.

✤

PRONOUNCING 'ANTIETAM'

A CORRESPONDENT submits to the London *Saturday Review* a rimed description of his puzzlement over the name 'Antietam,' after reading several American books on the Civil War: —

> The Southerners at Anty-tam
> Brought off, it seems, a Little Slam:
> They fought the Yanks and soundly beat 'em,
> So history says, at Anty-etam.
> Americans will ne'er forget 'em,
> The brave who bled at Anty-ettam.
> But how in snakes this name to treat? Am
> I to pronounce it as Anteetam?
> Or must I try, *ad infinitum*,
> To ring the changes on Antightam?

Perhaps the writer might profitably read a few more books on the Civil War. His views on the outcome of the battle are a trifle unorthodox.

✤

A SERBIAN OPINION OF THE NEW RUSSIAN WRITERS

WRITING in *Jugoslavenska Njiva*, a Serbian critic, Nikolai J. Fedorov, describes some of the more recent developments of Russian literature since the Revolution. Blok, Bely, Yesenin, and other older Bolshevist poets have been discussed in the European press almost *ad nauseam*. Fedorov, however, describes some new literary figures that have not been adequately treated in the press. Among the writers whose work he describes are Boris Pilynyak, A. Arosev, and Iliya Ehrenburg. He describes a literary association known as the Serapionski Brothers, which was organized in February, 1922, by a group of young people who wished to foster modern literature. So far they have

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issued three collections, two in Petrograd and one in Berlin, containing the works of many whose names were quite unknown before the war. However, this critic looks with no particular favor on many of the recent developments. He says: —

'The Revolution had to make its own writers, who became a part of its organism. In them we see a new generation, with a peculiar psychology and morality of its own. The bloody tempest of the Revolution had to draw a sharp line between the two eras.

'Having risen from the conditions incidental to the moral collapse that resulted from the years of slaughter during the World War and then the civil war, which demolished all towers of tradition, these people stepped into the life of the new order without principles or definite rules. They entered the literary field without seeing or looking for paths or keeping account of their means. From the start their work contained much false gold. Profanity and looseness of language are main characteristics of early revolutionary Russian literature. It is not what one would call "Bohemian," but is rather to be described as an attempt to introduce "hooliganism" into letters.

'However, of late this malodorous matter is disappearing. Fresh winds seem to be blowing away the reek, and a tendency toward improvement of health and values in the new Russian literature is asserting itself.'

Mr. Fedorov sums up his article by observing, 'The revolution gave life and literature a furious tempo.'

It did.

❦

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, SCHOOLMASTER

THE *Modern Review*, of Calcutta, prints a long article by Aswinikumar Ghose on Rabindranath Tagore's school at Shantiniketan. The school was founded by the poet's father, and for a long time attracted little attention beyond the borders of India; but with Tagore's rise to fame everything connected with his work came more and more to public notice, although even to-day the educational work to which he has long devoted a great deal of his energy has attracted far less attention than his poetical and philosophical writings. The school or *Ashram* is wholly Indian in atmosphere. The dormitories are little cottages scattered about under the sal trees, and only one or two of the buildings in any way suggest the conventional architecture of the West.

Since the atmosphere of the school is preëminently religious — though the word religious must be taken in a very broad sense — it has its temple, known to the villagers nearby as the *kach-bungalow*, or crystal house. It has a cast-iron framework, filled in with tinted glass so that the archways are open to the light of day, leaving the view open to north, west, and south. Round about it is the temple garden, adorned with marble flower-pots mounted on short pedestals with suitable inscriptions from the Hindu Holy Writings.

The poet's father began the Ashram with a one-story house, to which a second story was later added. In 1887 the Ashram was made over to the people by a trust deed with nonsectarian conditions. The terms of the trust stipulate that no idols, animals, birds, portraits, or other symbols are to be worshiped, but they are equally specific that no religion or any object of worship of any sect is to be affronted in any way. Fish, flesh, and wine are strictly prohibited.

In 1901 Rabindranath Tagore first conceived the idea of beginning education on the lines of the forest retreats of ancient India, but adapting them to

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the needs of the present day. At first his lack of experience in business led to numerous difficulties, but at length a disciple was found to come to his assistance.

The students rise at dawn, and after ceremonial ablutions there are prayers and songs together. After this, the students are allowed to worship according to their individual beliefs. Classes begin at seven and go on until ten. It is then time for the midday meal and rest. Work starts again at two and lasts until five. Classes are held in the open air, or, during rain, in the verandahs, each boy sitting on his own little carpet. The classes are small. A student is allowed to enter each class according to his proficiency, and not according to the length of time he has been in school. Thus a boy may be studying very advanced mathematics and just commencing English or Sanskrit. Instruction is carried on in the vernacular, but English is taught as a secondary language.

The school has its own printing house, extensive library, including not alone the work of Indian writers, but English and European literature as well. Many private homes have grown up in the country round about. There is a guest house and a row of cottages for teachers and professors.

❀

A CZECH DISCIPLE OF RODIN

THE personality of Christ seems to possess a curious fascination for modern Slavic artists, and especially for the sculptors, who endeavor to give entirely new treatment to a theme that has challenged the powers of artists for twenty centuries. One need only think of passages in Alexander Blok's poem, 'The Twelve,' of the sculpture of Mestrovitch, and of Epstein's much-debated Christ.

The latest experimenter is a Czech sculptor, Frantishek Bilek, who has completed a cycle of bas-relief wood carving which he calls 'The Way of Thorns.' Bilek attempts to sculpture Jesus as a Slavic and intimate figure, quite distinct from the more conventional presentation of the Heavenly King. He has drawn to some degree upon the Apocryphal Scriptures for his ideas.

Bilek is a disciple of Rodin. His art expresses the suffering of the simple people from whom emerged the martyr Huss. In his native country he makes his appeal to the masses rather than to the educated classes, who after centuries of struggling against religious oppression are prone to regard every religious manifestation as reaction.

At present he is working on a cycle which comprises all the steps from the first dawn of intelligence to the highest peak of moral achievement, Calvary. The first stage is to be called 'Meteor,' and will represent a curious creature, half rock and half man, tortured with a burning thirst, the quest for knowledge. The proposed scheme is a good example of Bilek's love for sculpture with underlying philosophic import.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Per l'Italia degli Italiani, by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milan: Bottega di Poesia; London: Truslove and Hanson. 45 lire.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

In this book D'Annunzio definitely ranges himself among the prophets. Though the lyrical prose in which it is written could only be the work of a poet, it is clear that the volume of D'Annunzio's poetry, in the ordinary sense of the term, is now closed. He owes his faith to the war — for it was as a fighting man that he found himself — and through the whole runs more pronouncedly than ever a strong strain of mysticism, a consciousness of a mystic communion with the souls not merely of his own comrades, but of the humblest soldier of the ranks who fell in battle, through the spirit of their common mother, Italy.

It must be confessed that this ponderous book is wearisome and monotonous reading, in spite of the impeccable beauty of the language. There are pages and pages of rhapsodical reflections on his bed of suffering — for even D'Annunzio's wounds have a mystic significance — in the style of 'Notturno,' in which his Fiume experiences play a large part; but they are rarely relieved by the vivid pictures of his childhood or of the war which were the best things in that volume. The whole note is one of Biblical prophecy. Still, we do find facts here and there. Thus we learn that D'Annunzio burned all his war decorations in honor of the Unknown Soldier and that he was the inventor of the Fascisti cry 'Alalà!' In spite of his protests his squadron persisted in greeting him with the barbaric 'Urrà!' before the third flight over Pola. Then through his breast shot the new cry like an arrow, and, after cleansing their mouths from the old one with the backs of their hands, they duly greeted him with it. But the headings of the chapters, *L'Epafania dello Spirito, Il Raggio e l'Aureola, La Sibilla senza Volto,* are a good index of their contents.

Doctor Heraclius Gloss, by Guy de Maupassant. London and New York: Brentano's, 1923.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Guy de Maupassant's last years, as his readers know, were darkened by tragedy. His valet François has narrated the melancholy circumstances, and in view of them this short story, an experiment of his apprenticeship, possesses a curious interest. Maupassant was twenty-five when he wrote it, under the influence of Voltaire, and it is now published for the first time in English from a careful and vigorous translation, well in keeping with the author's style, by Mr. Jeffrey E. Jeffrey.

The story concerns a doctor who crammed his brain indiscriminately with philosophical lore, and nothing goes normally for Heraclius Gloss from the moment he learns of metempsychosis from an ancient manuscript. His newly discovered love of animals grows so powerful that he gives up eating flesh, allows dogs and cats to overrun his garden, and saves a kitten from being stoned to death by the villagers. The action is regarded as an outrage, and he is placed in a madhouse. Upon recovery his love has turned to hate and this time he is confined for the wanton destruction of animals. There is delicious irony in the ending, and human cruelty and imbecility are relentlessly portrayed, with here and there a touch of the savagery which was to become a characteristic of the author. That in the knowledge of human aberration lies madness seems to be Maupassant's thesis. It is also, though unwittingly, a grim prophecy about himself.

***A Hind in Richmond Park,** by W. H. Hudson. London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton, 1923. $5.00. Second American edition to follow.

[J. B. Priestley in *London Mercury*]

W. H. Hudson completed the actual writing of his last volume just before he died, but did not leave the last part of it ready for the press; it is to Mr. Morley Robert, an old friend, that we owe our thanks for having puzzled out the last chapter or so. The book itself needs few words from me. It probably reflects its author's mind better than any previous book; it begins in Richmond Park and ends everywhere; it begins with a comparison of the senses in man and the beasts, and ends by discussing all manner of things, not the least of which are poetry and music. There are some delightfully humanized little pictures of bird and insect life, pictures which demanded that their creator should be a poet rather than a naturalist, and did not ask in vain, for Hudson was really a man of letters, a poet, an artist, disguised as a man of science. The style is as charming as ever, though not, of course, quite so wonderful as some enthusiasts would have us believe.

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Siwa: The Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, by C. Dalrymple Belgrave. London: John Lane, 1923. 15*s*.

[*Times*]

ONE of these days, perhaps, when the Valley of the Kings and other familiar digging-grounds have yielded all their secrets, archæologists will turn their attention to the Western Desert of Egypt, where the ancient home of Jupiter Ammon, 'King of the Gods,' 'the unrevealed,' and its outlying oases offer tempting possibilities to the excavator. Mr. Belgrave, who recently spent nearly two years at Siwa in command of a section of the Frontier Districts Administration Camel Corps, examined many rock-tombs which still contained mummies. 'But with no luck,' he laments, 'as they were apparently of a very inferior class and had no ornaments buried with them.' Although the more obvious ruins have been thoroughly explored, the author came across various likely places which appeared to be untouched — virgin soil for the archæologist. There is the further attraction that while digging for tombs or the solution of the mystery of the God of Oracles, the explorer might rediscover instead the long-lost emerald mines which made the oasis of Siwa famous many centuries ago.

Few travelers had ventured to this little-known oasis in the Libyan Desert, on the borders of Egypt and Tripoli, before the Germans involved it in their scheme of a Holy War with the help of the Senussi, whose campaigns against Egypt and the Sudan led to results the value and significance of which have been overshadowed by the greater changes brought by the war. It must not be forgotten, however, as Sir Reginald Wingate observes in his illuminating introduction to the book, that these campaigns, insignificant as they may appear in comparison with the struggle in Western Europe, 'have resulted in giving Egypt tranquillity on its western frontier, in restoring to the Sudan the great lost province of Darfur, and in freeing the Arabian Peninsula — results which in pre-war days would have been characterized as epoch-making events, but which have passed almost unnoticed in the great changes which have taken place in the territorial redistribution of the Treaty of Versailles.'

Several books have already been written about the British operations against the Senussi in the Western Desert, and Mr. Belgrave makes no attempt to cover the same ground in any detail. His aim has been to supply the first complete history and description ever written of the strange oasis which, with the coming of peace, is sinking back once more into its normal obscurity on the fringe of the unexplored desert — the Devil's country, as the Arabs call it — stretching down to the Sudan.

Keats: A Study in Development, by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. London: Secker, 1923. 6s.

[*Saturday Review*]

A LITTLE more than forty years ago, when the apologetic attitude toward the poetry of Keats had finally given place to a recognition of the commanding genius it displays, the text began to be examined with that close attention which is only given to a classic. The centenary of Keats's death last year naturally redoubled the zeal of annotators, and was the occasion of much useful and conscientious criticism. To this body of work Mr. Fausset now adds a little monograph which claims respectful attention.

In considering a study devoted to a subject so limited in size and already so searchingly examined, it is natural that our first inquiry must be: What that is new has the writer produced? Mr. Fausset's own claim is that he has discovered in the work of Keats 'a very logical and significant development from sensationalism to vision and from idealization to idealism.' He has traced the central principle which, he believes, inspired this great poet to effort after effort, until he happily realized, before he ceased to have physical power to write any longer, 'the central truth of life.'

It will be apparent that the aim of Mr. Fausset is metaphysical rather than æsthetic, and in this he differs from those who, like the present Poet Laureate and Mr. Mackail, have chiefly seen in Keats the matchless artist. We find no fault with Mr. Fausset for this, which indeed tends to illuminate the noble figure from a fresh and unhackneyed point of view. But, like many other students of Keats, something in the nature of the poet, and in the splendor of his intuitions, tempts Mr. Fausset to a certain dogmatism.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

CRAIG, GORDON. *Scene.* London and New York: Oxford University Press. A brief survey of the history of the European stage and an account of Mr. Craig's ideas in their present form. The book will be illustrated with nineteen etchings and John Masefield contributes an introductory poem and a preface.

BOOKS MENTIONED

AMIEL, HENRI FRÉDÉRIC. *Fragments d'un journal intime*, with an introduction by Bernard Bouvier. Collection Helvétique. Geneva: Éditions Georg; Paris: Georges Crès, 1923.

LORENZO, GIUSEPPE DEL. *Shakespeare e il dolore del mondo.* Rome: Zacchinelli, 1922.

WIGRAM, W. A. and E. T. A. *The Cradle of Mankind.* London: L. C. Black, Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co., American Agents, 1922.

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